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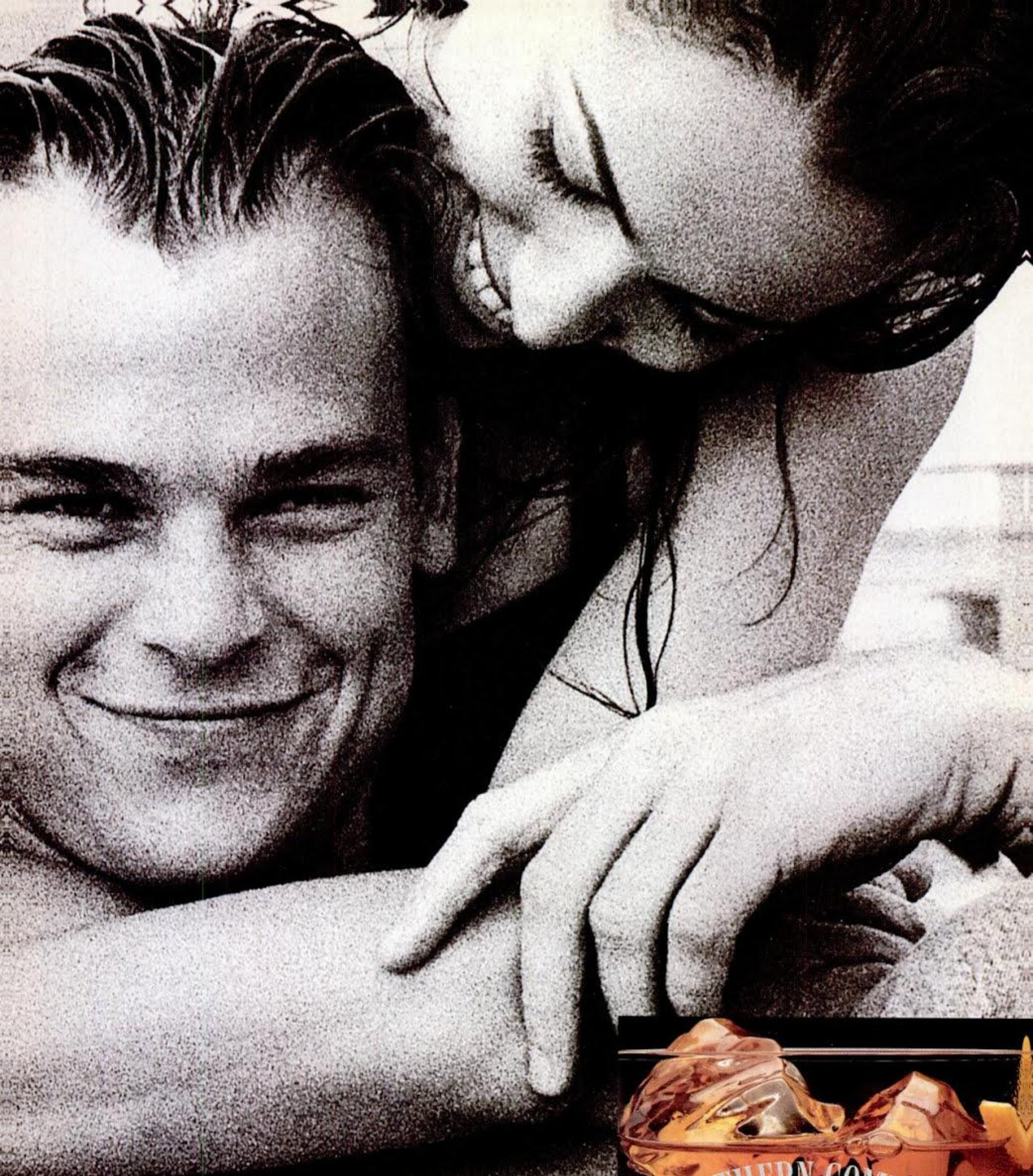
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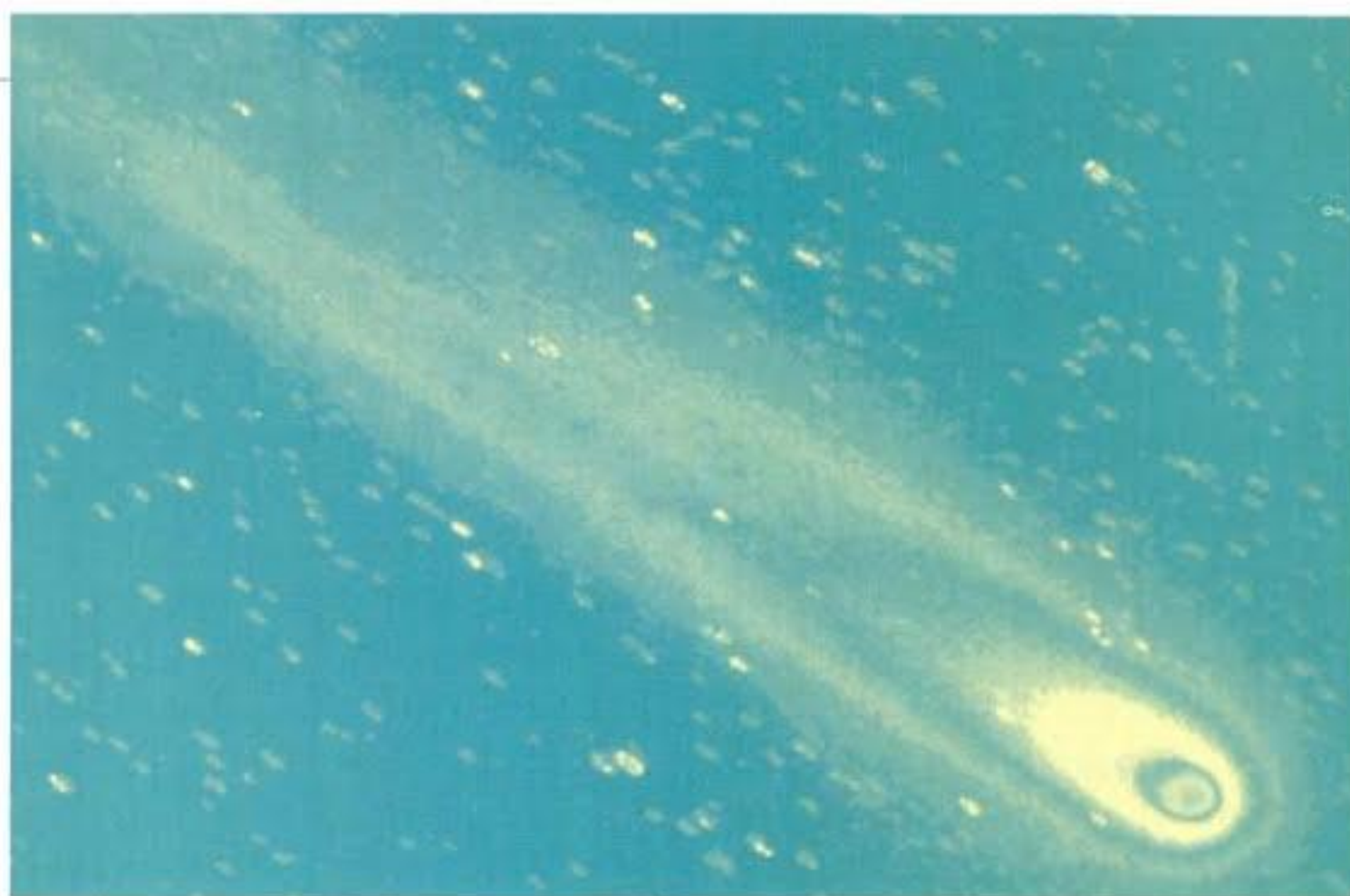
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HECHT'S MAY D&F KAUFMANN'S JORDAN MARSH G. FOX LAZARUS MACY'S

blaming someone, especially Wayne Lo,"
a semiautomatic rifle, killing two

Great Expectations



The sky is falling!

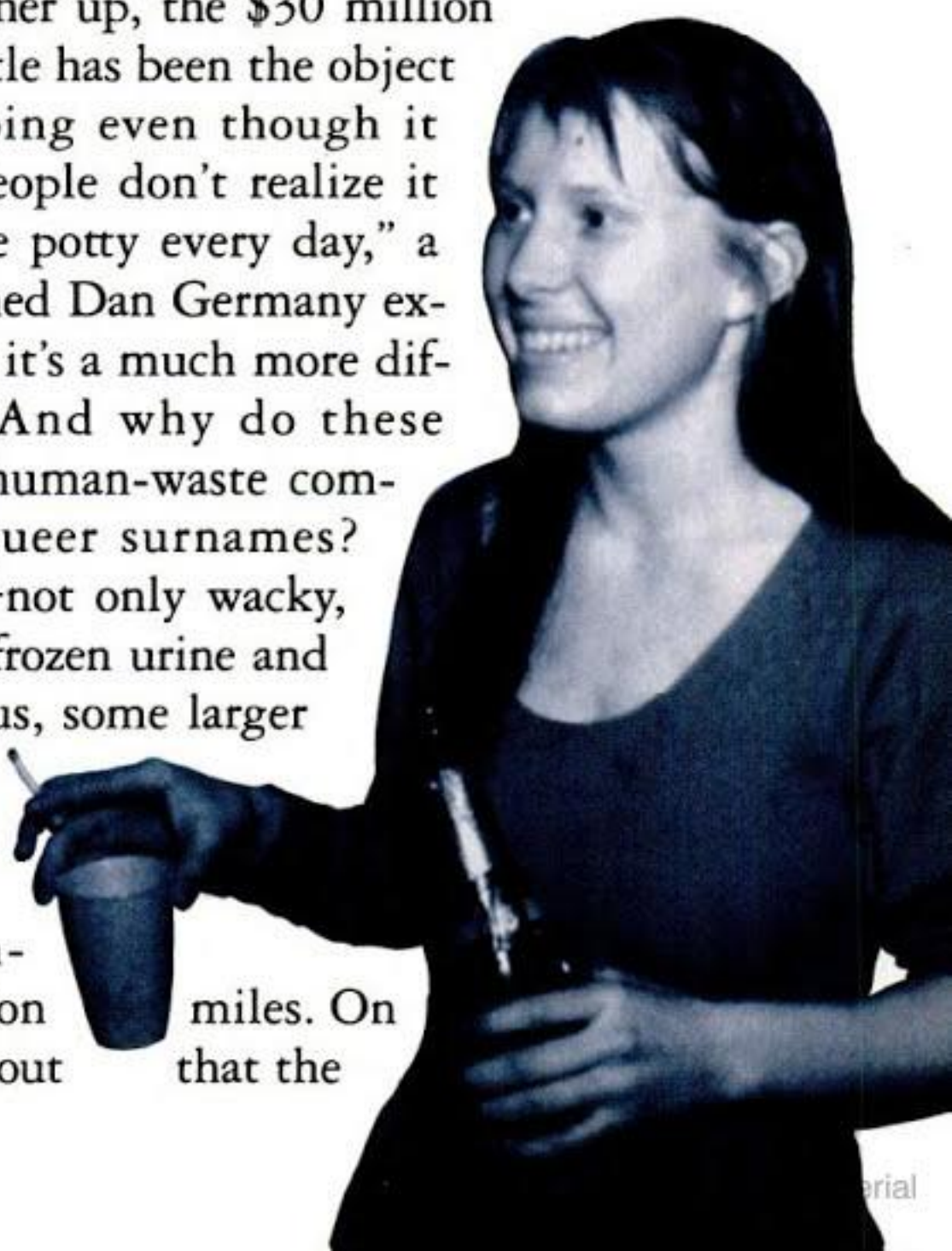


THE SKY IS FALLING! THE SKY IS FALLING! AND IT'S COMING DOWN IN LARGE CHUNKS ALL OVER AMERICA, A CURIOUS NEW HARBINGER OF SPRING IN THIS, THE *BLADE RUNNER* AGE. ACTUALLY, the authorities have determined that it's not actually pieces of sky, but "blue ice" fall-

ing from leaking airplane toilets. Most recently, a piece two feet wide left a crater in an Atlanta suburb. "It was not only wacky," said the suburbanite in whose yard the frozen turquoise sewage crashed, "it was scary." There were scores of similar reports around Chicago in December, and last fall a big piece of sky crashed through the roof of Gerri Cinnamon's house near Seattle. "It stunk real bad," she said. And in midwinter a German national was arrested aboard an American Trans Air flight leaving Fort

Lauderdale because he'd threatened to blow up the plane when they wouldn't let him go to the toilet until it reached a safe cruising altitude. *Safe*, we suddenly feel obliged to ask, *for whom?* A little higher up, the \$30 million toilet for the space shuttle has been the object of small-minded carping even though it doesn't leak at all. "People don't realize it because they go to the potty every day," a NASA spokesman named Dan Germany explained, "but in space, it's a much more difficult job." (*Potty?* And why do these problematic-airborne-human-waste commentators all have queer surnames? Cinnamon, Germany—not only wacky, but scary.) If the frozen urine and disinfectant don't get us, some larger bit of cosmic debris might. The asteroid Toutatis just streaked by within an uncomfortably close 2.2 million miles. On the other hand, it turns out that the

"The temptation is almost irresistible to explain what happened by
—Wayne Lo's college dean, after Lo sprayed six people there with



comet Swift-Tuttle, which had been expected to streak dangerously near here in 2126, is nothing to worry about for at least a millennium.

Over Somalia, U.S. planes have been deliberately dropping strange synthetic chunks—Styrofoam modules filled with leaflets meant to win the natives' hearts and minds. "It's marketing," explained one of the Army majors in charge. But there was a small problem: The leaflets were supposed to say UNITED NATIONS under a picture of a white soldier shaking hands with a Somali man, but instead they read, wackily-as-well-as-scarily, SLAVE NATION. (Just as we'd feared: These precipitous Pentagon budget cuts have severely impacted America's rapid-response copy-editing-readiness capability.)

Gratuitous insults from the sky—and Malcolm-Jamal Warner too! First Somalis were starving; now they're starving and bewildered. Just why did an entirely untalented young sitcom actor insert himself in the middle of an American military operation? "This is a very important thing for me to be doing," Warner said, elaborating, "Not just for the morale of the troops. This will totally open up a whole other world for me."

Imperialism with a happy face: These are the Clinton years. When NBC News revealed recently that Wal-Mart uses child labor in the Third World to make some of its clothes, contrary to the letter and spirit of its made-in-the-USA claims, why didn't anyone mention that Hillary "Children's Defense Fund" Clinton was on Wal-Mart's board until a few months ago?

Instead, journalists focused on important issues like Chelsea's new school (Jimmy Carter is "very disappointed"—why, he said, *his* daughter went to a Washington public school, and look at how well *Amy* turned out!) and on the president's

staffing procedures. "There is no delay from our point of view," said a Clinton transition aide. "If we wanted to rely on the usual white boys in Washington, we would be done by now." Amen: Finding black women like Warren Christopher, Lloyd Bentsen and Les Aspin to run the government takes *time*.

He was slow making appointments, but don't take that as a signal that Clinton plans to cut the White House staff significantly. According to itty-bitty communications director George Stephanopoulos, the whole 25-percent-staff-cut campaign thing was a "goal," not really a commitment. You know—sort of like marital fidelity. And the economic stimulus program and budget cuts he was going to announce in January? The Haitian immigration invitation? The middle-class tax cuts? Goals, not commitments. "Reality," explained a Clintonian, "now has come into focus here."

For Ross Perot, reality never comes totally into focus. That's why he has started a fan club (the annual, non-tax-deductible \$15 dues get you a membership card but no decoder ring or merchandise discounts) and wants to star in his own network-TV talk show. If it can be interactive, with viewers participating in electronic referenda (*Proposed: that Jews and inner-city youths be provided free weekly crew cuts*), he wants an hourlong program; otherwise he'll take a half hour. George Schlatter, who produced *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*, is talking to Perot about producing the show.

But Perot's campaign to get everyone back on track is too little, too late. "[I] saw Daddy put his penis into Soon-Yi," Dylan Allen is alleged to have told investigators in the Woody-Mia case. In a telephone conversation with his mistress, the next king of England described his nightmare about being reincarnated as her Tampax and being "chucked down the lavatory [to] go on and on forever swirling round on the top,

never going down." And after Long Island police retrieved kidnapped Katie Beers from where she was chained by her neck to the wall of a coffinlike cubicle inside a sound-proof cell hidden behind a set of shelves, a locked door and a concrete slab, the kidnapper's lawyer said, "She was very happy to be there in her own little world." Not only wacky, but very scary.

Yet he *found the silver lining*—and that seems as good a 1990s motto as any. When Carnie Wilson, the, uh, Rubenesque member of the pop trio Wilson Phillips, heard that there was a new rock band called Fat Chick in Wilson Phillips, she looked on the bright side: "Well, that's kind of a compliment." It may be appalling that the average American—including children and Carnie Wilson—eats nearly \$3 worth of Velveeta, Cheez Whiz and Velveeta/Cheez Whiz imitations each year, but the nutrition news is not all grim: Sales of Velveeta *Light* increased by 99.6 percent last year! Nor, in the Clinton era, is it just white trash who eat like white trash. According to *People*, supermodel Carol Alt's breakfast consists of nacho chips and coffee with whipped cream and Scotch. "This is the only time I ever drink alcohol," she told *People*. "It wakes me up a little bit."

And in mainly wacky, vaguely scary Biosphere 2, where they're supposed to be producing all their own food (no Cheez Whiz, no Scotch, no nacho chips), they're running out of oxygen again. "The whole oxygen thing is a mystery," says geochemist Wallace S. Broecker. Hey, dude—the whole carbon-based-life-on-Earth thing is a mystery, too. If the Biosphereans are lucky, a piece of blue sky will crash through the glass and let some fresh air in. That might violate a Biosphere goal, but not any Biosphere commitments, would it? As Richard Nixon, on the recent occasion of his 80th birthday, declared, "Never look back." To which we might add, *Or up.* ☷

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NAKED CITY

► Send in the clowns: the secret early sitcom career of Stephen Sondheim. What's the difference between Daniel Day-Lewis and Gary Oldman? *The New Yorker* dumbs down. Camille Paglia, like Dear Abby on smart drugs. Overdosing on clichés like that last one. Donald Trump's *faux* comeback. In The Fine Print: when *schmuck* is better than *putz* 22

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MIX 'N' MATCH MOGULS

► Forget the map of the stars' homes. SPY presents an exclusive map of Hollywood power jobs for the last 25 years. Good news for kids in mailrooms everywhere—and a ground-breaking contribution to show business sociology, by HARRIET BAROVICK. Also: the Spring 1993 Movie-Star Salary Index 38

CAN CLINTON MAKE THE NAVY ANY MORE GAY?

► It's not just a job, it's a cross-dressing, grab-assing, heavy-petting adventure! A sailor's nightmare of the post-gay-ban U.S. Navy—or the way the Navy has operated since the days JFK and Ross Perot were sailors? LARRY DOYLE peers into the closet of one of America's most homophobic and homoerotic organizations. Plus: WILLIAM POUNDSTONE on the wackiest ritual in the Navy, and more 46

"BUT REALLY I WANT TO FINGERPAINT"

► There is a certain breed of celebrity for whom fame and fortune pale in comparison with the need to be true to one's art—even though one's art is nowhere near as good as the non-art that brought fame and fortune to begin with. STEVEN LEVY examines the true callings of Celebrity Refuseniks 56

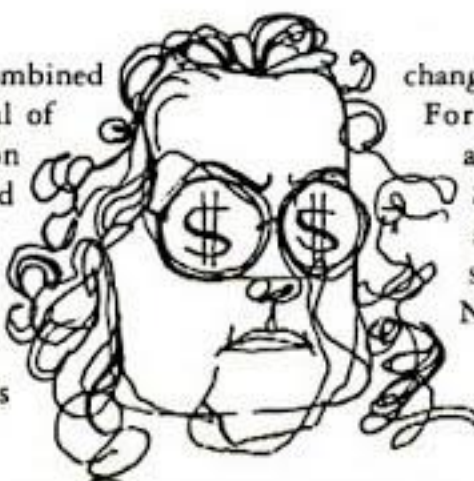
Columns

► In **The Street**, RAWLIE THORPE charts Robert Rubin's Clinton-administration stock and urges, *Sell!*; LAUREN HOBBS on the hit-and-run loser behind *Murphy Brown* in **The Webs**; boycott or no, **The Industry** vacationed in Aspen, which got CELIA BRADY thinking about, well, morality; and NINA BURLEIGH reports on **D.C.**'s real-life distinguished gentleman 14

► T. W. IRWIN smells testosterone in **Review of Reviewers**; ROY BLOUNT JR. shows how not to network in **Live White Male** 70



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From the SPY Mailroom



Plaid walls close me in as I lie in weightlessness/ I am suspended in time....Sorry—we were just catching up on our reading, in this case a snippet of poetry from the *Alternative Times*, published by the Alternative High School in Moses Lake, Washington. We've been reading a lot this month, and not just poetry. In a mystery novel called *The Cheshire Moon*, written by the well-regarded young novelist Robert Ferrigno, we discovered that the hero was a reporter at something called SLAP magazine, "a snide, trendy monthly known for its insider political profiles and gritty photojournalism, celebrity exposés and holographic liquor ads...the schizoid offspring resulting from the rape of *Vanity Fair* by the *National Enquirer*, attack journalism with a manicure." Here is the publisher of SLAP, upon learning that six pages of copy need to be cut less than an hour before going to press: "'Carry the Suburban Call Girls feature over to next month [and] turn the Spielberg interview into a one-page Q. and A. I'll deal with his people on that.'" As we tackle the latest correspondence from Napoleon St. Cyr and updates on James Toback and *Star Trek* uniforms, we will try, somehow, to keep reality and fiction from becoming blurred.

Michael O'Hare of Birmingham, Michigan, writes pleasantly, "Your days are numbered....Your print comes off like a smart-ass kid who never had (and needs to have) the shit kicked out of him." Damn. And here we'd hoped our print came off like the schizoid offspring of *Vanity Fair* and the *National Enquirer*. Even more troubling, however, is that in the ►

Letters to SPY

Rank Order

Have you guys ever considered publishing The SPY 100 [January] in poster form? It would be great for anyone who would like to start a Wall o' Pop Culture. Hey, I'd buy it!

Rey Bulmer

Parsippany, New Jersey

Great idea. With the publication of this letter you agree to accept, in lieu of royalties, our sincere thanks and best wishes.

Should we be annoyed, alarmed or appalled that, except for the eventual replacement of the TrumpScore™ with the Family Value, your "changed" formula for 1992's SPY 100 is the same as the misprinted formula for the 1989 list? (A formula that places "That Gap Commercial Where the English Guy Recites Beat Verse" no higher than No. 991 surely needs revising anyway.)

Tim Bland

Lexington, Kentucky

Many of science's greatest discoveries were made by accident, Tim; the "misprinted" 1989 formula has, upon further investigation, proved to be the one and true SPY 100 formula. Except for the Trump part.

You people have your heads up your butts so far you could chew your eyes out for failing to include either Mary Hart of *Entertainment Tonight* or *Live With Regis & Kathie Lee* in The SPY 100. The only way you can redeem yourselves is if your calculations brought in Hart and *Live* at Nos. 101 and 102, respectively. Please tell me this is so.

Robert Brooks

Los Angeles, California

We included Regis and Kathie Lee in No. 62, "Chat Glut," along with John Tesh, Mary Hart's colleague. Leeza Gibbons came in No. 178.

In No. 13, "Unabashed Gay-bashing," Oregon's "prodiscrimination" Measure 9 was mentioned along with similar measures in other states. You somehow left out, even under Mitigating Factors, the fact that Oregon voters *rejected* Measure 9 by 57 percent to 43 percent. In most of the other states mentioned, including supposedly progressive Colorado, the measures were passed. Your leaving this out left readers with the impression that Oregonians are in the vanguard of social hate.

Douglas Green

Portland, Oregon

We stand corrected. Only 43 percent of Oregonians are in the vanguard of social hate.

I loved The SPY 100 this year, especially Nos. 37 and 69 ("Civil-Servant Hose Monkeys" and Bill Clinton, respectively).

Michael Muckle

New London, Connecticut

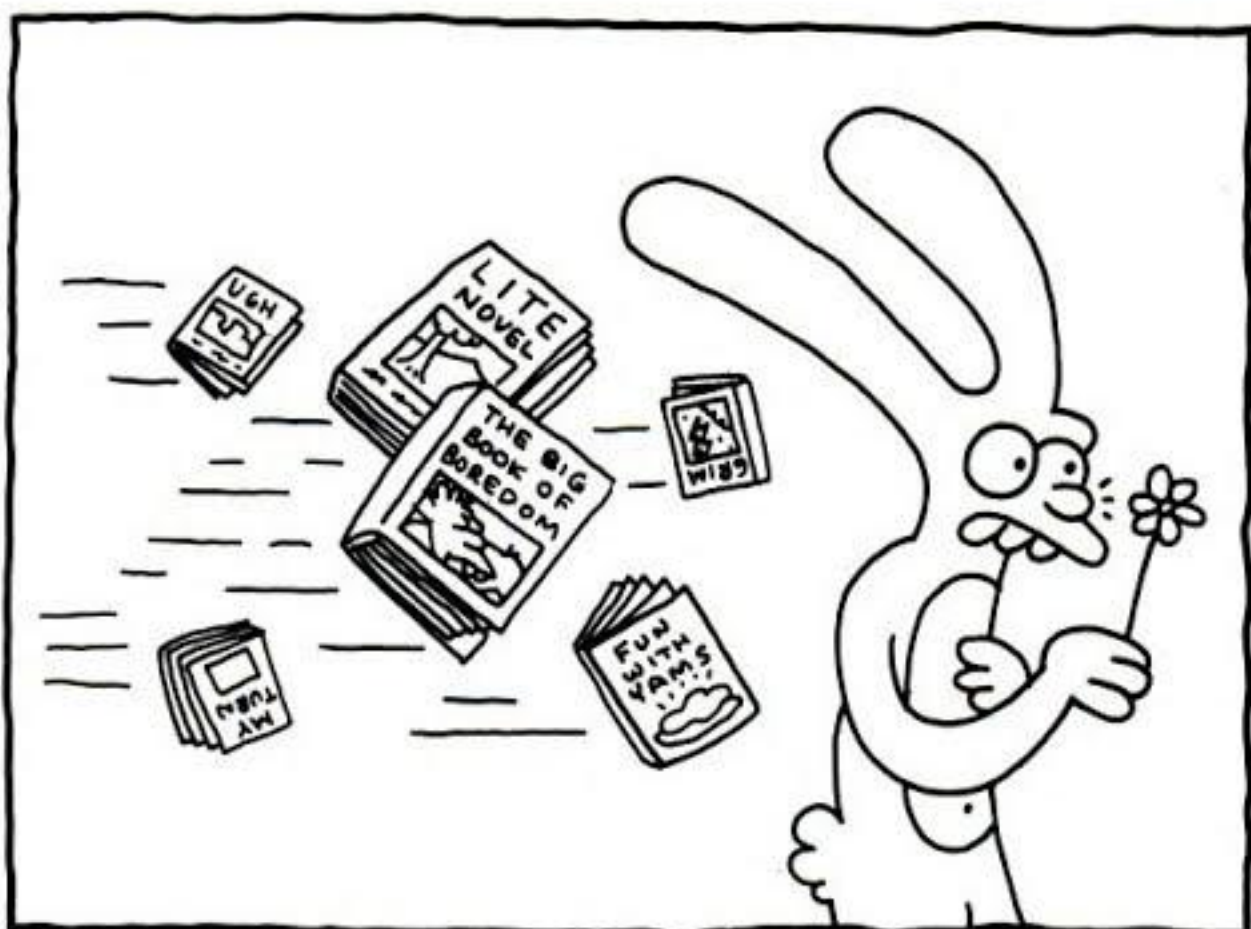
I'm not sure whether to be amused or disgusted that the same SPY 100 crew that wails about violence toward women in the military smirks at feminist infighting as "a good catfight." On one page you decry racist violence in Germany, yet a few pages later you whine about filthy rich "Japs" buying up the country and "Mogul-san" interfering in American show business. And in the very same entry you both chide the military for its ban of homosexuals and titter about "gay men's always-neat appearance."

Regina Randolph

Albany, California

Sometimes in SPY, Regina, in what we hope is a humorous fashion, we say one thing while actually meaning another. For example, the Misdeed we ascribed to

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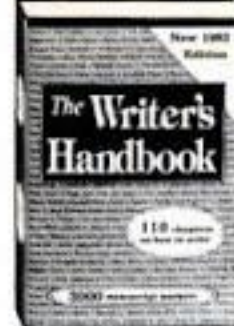
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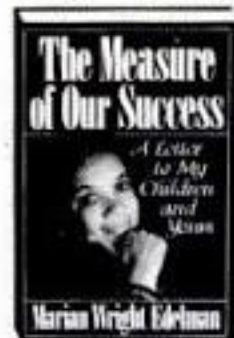
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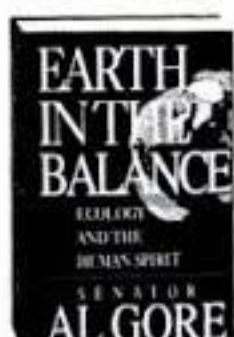
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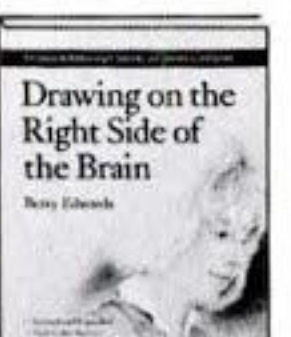
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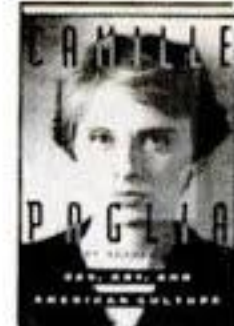
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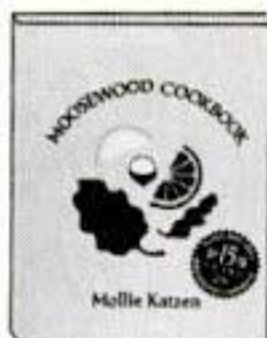
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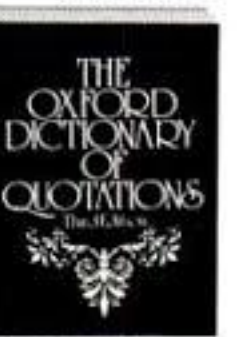
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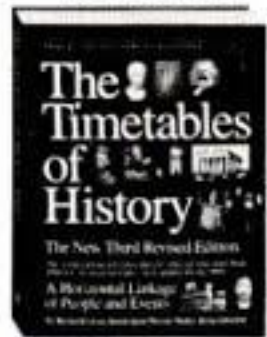
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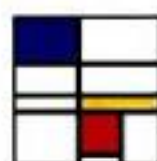
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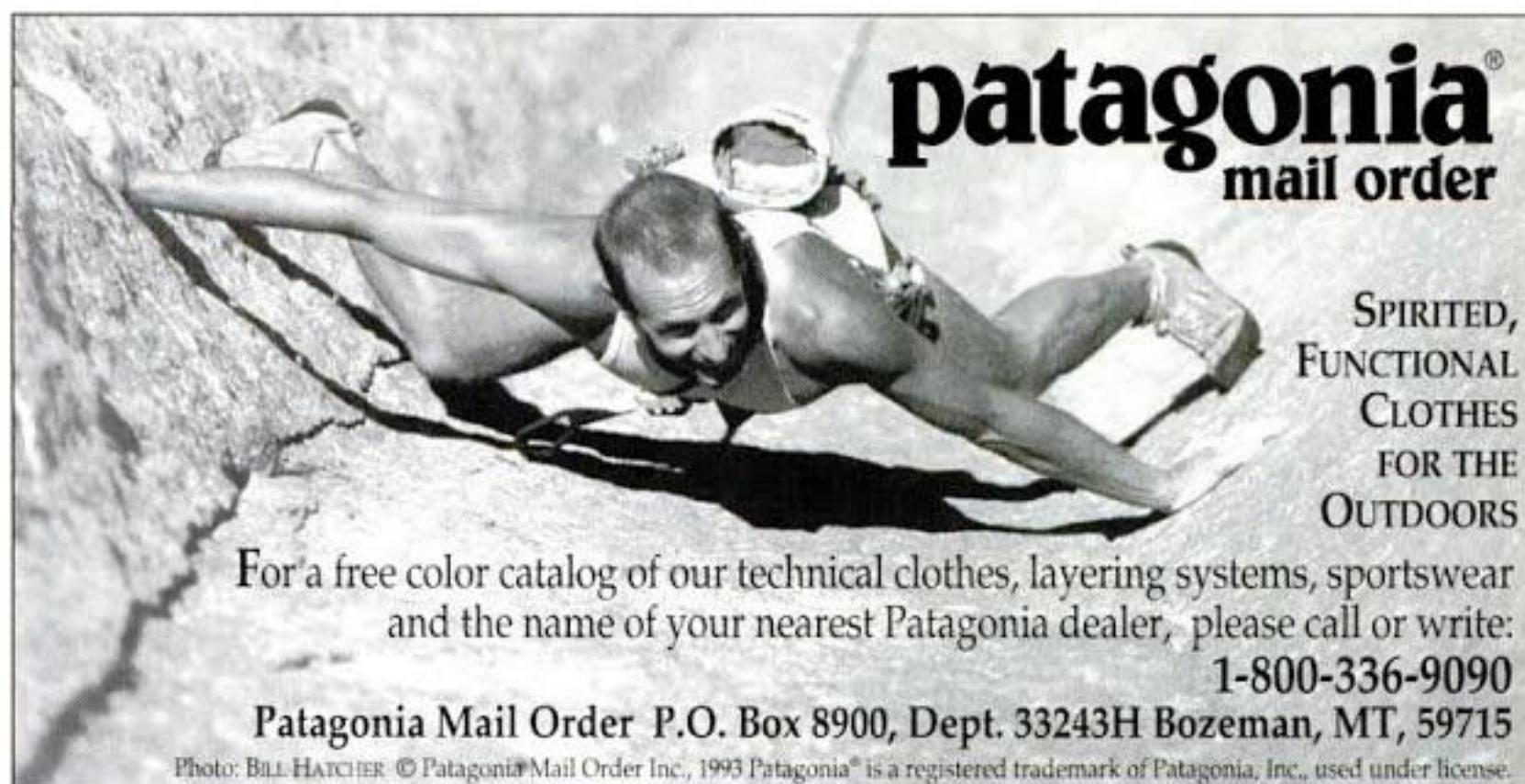
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same letter, O'Hare says he's renewing his subscription. So maybe our readers are the schizoid ones.

Don Bandemer of Jacksonville, Florida, offers this submission: "A group of very short filler type **POLITICAL SATIRES** formatted as a series on the **POLITICAL BUFFOON CLOWNS THAT ARE THE LAUGH LEADERS OF OUR NATION!** The fillers are political **SPOOFING** of real people and events....The series viewpoint is that of a staunch member of the Little People." Our response, Don, is **NO**, but **THANK YOU** for your **INTEREST**. Mr. Bandemer claims to have spent "five years at *The Miami Herald*, while working on a degree in journalism at the University of Miami." Interestingly, if not surprisingly, *The Miami Herald* has never heard of him, and the University of Miami says he never got that degree. It takes more than random capital letters to be a journalist.

For one thing, it takes cash. In other unacceptable offers from journalists, Jack Carter, an entertainment writer for the tabloid *Globe*—not the old unfunny comedian—wants to know if *SPY* can sell him any story tips. He offers anywhere from \$150 for "a straight, published story tip" to \$2,000 "if the tip leads to a cover story on a big-name star." Carter admits his request is "somewhat cheesy" but, in an effort to make it seem less so, explains, "We [at the *Globe*] marry the First Amendment with good ol' American business." And Julia Roberts with Bigfoot. Sorry, Jack, but we're pretty sure—nope, we checked, and we have no surplus tips about big-name stars right now.

Not that our reporters are as well informed as Carter seems to think. Diane Sheehey of Chevy Chase (not a journalist, thankfully) is not at all embarrassed to inform us that she caught Fred Goodman's egregious error (*Music*, November 1992)—referring to "the Eurythmics," when any Dave Stewart fan knows it's just plain "Eurythmics." This gaffe, and not the fact that Goodman characterized, ►



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"The Japs" was "Continued to compete unfairly by making better products and selling them more cheaply." You'll get the hang of it eventually.

Dressed to Whack

Your *SPY Magazine Hit List* TV show surpassed the education I received from the "experts." I took a course on media criticism with Dr. Marshall Blonsky, master of semiotics. One of his observations was on the way John Gotti dressed in court: The mobster looked sharp and fabulous, therefore was well liked. Your comments and complete wardrobe change shattered what little credibility I'd given the professor. Unfortunately, he's probably writing a book on the symbolism behind shoes.

*Eric Wielander
Bayside, New York*

Side Order of Inslaw

Your piece on Danny Casolaro's last days ["Dead Right," by John Connolly, January] was beautiful reporting.

*Scott Loughrey
Baltimore, Maryland*

John Connolly's article contains important errors of fact and compounds those errors with innuendo.

As his article makes clear, Connolly is quite suspicious of the possible role of Robert Booth Nichols in the death of Danny Casolaro. From direct contact with both Casolaro and

Nichols, I was aware that they spoke frequently by telephone for most of the one-year period of Danny's investigation of the U.S. Justice Department's malfeasance in the Inslaw case. I usually spoke with Danny on a daily basis during his investigation. When I was uncharacteristically unable to reach Danny during the week prior to his death, I telephoned Mr. Nichols to see if he had heard from him. Mr. Connolly falsely states that it took a fair amount of persuasion to convince me to turn over to him a copy of my telephone records for the day before Danny's death. He compounds his mistake by casting doubt on my account of why I'd telephoned Mr. Nichols and by suggesting something nefarious about my receipt of a call from Mr. Nichols during the interval between Mr. Connolly's initial visit to our office about my telephone records and his return later that same day.

The truth is that I immediately agreed to make my phone records available to Mr. Connolly. My secretary raised with my wife, Nancy, an Inslaw vice president, the question of whether these records might inadvertently reveal my communications with government whistle-blowers, and other confidential Inslaw customer and business communications. Agreeing with her concern, Nancy gave Mr. Connolly a redacted copy of my phone records to show only my communication with Mr. Nichols. After he insisted on view-

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uh, Eurythmics' label, RCA, as the ugliest fish in the East River, must be the reason RCA senior VP Randy Goodman (no relation, we don't think) returned a simple SPY promotional postcard with the scrawled message, "I don't want anything from this publication."

Not anything? Even free insecticide? Heidi Allenbaugh of Cincinnati left her November issue lying open on her floor overnight and awoke to find "a cockroach, stone-dead, belly-up on page 73. Just what do you put in your magazine that can kill a cockroach dead in its tracks?" Let's see. November, page 73....Must have been that holographic liquor ad. If you want to achieve the same results with your February issue, by the way, leave it open to page 36.

"If for some reason you wanted to romanize the Japanese word for SPY," writes Michael Koh of Tokyo, eerily tapping into our deepest desires, "you would spell it Supai." Koh goes on to ask, "Are you aware of a Japanese magazine called (and spelled) SPY?" You mean the trendy one known for its insider political profiles and gritty photojournalism? Or are we confusing it with Surapu?

Uh-oh. With less than an hour before we go to press, word has come in that a somewhat lengthy correction will be cutting into this column's space. Okay: Carry the *Star Trek* and James Toback letters over to next month. Kill the Napoleon St. Cyr letter altogether. We'll deal with his people on that. ☹

CORRECTION

Clinton-campaign deputy communications director Bob Boorstin informs us that it was his colleague Gene Sperling, and not he, who had two eggs cracked over his head by fun-loving Clinton strategist James Carville just before the election (*The Usual Suspects*, January). "I'm not so stupid as to allow James Carville near me with a raw egg," Boorstin says. SPY regrets the error. ☹

ing all California numbers for that day, Nancy gave Mr. Connolly an opportunity to inspect visually the nonredacted phone records.

Mr. Connolly evidently suspects that I telephoned Mr. Nichols to report on his visit to me and that this explains the timing of Mr. Nichols's return call to me. I may have telephoned Mr. Nichols to ask him a question about Danny Casolaro that was stimulated by my discussions with Mr. Connolly, but I did not call him to report on my conversation with Mr. Connolly.

I can categorically deny that any Inslaw receptionist or secretary has ever announced a phone call to me with the words "Robert Booth Nichols, returning your call." Mr. Nichols, in fact, has never given his name to me or others at Inslaw as "Robert Booth Nichols."

I do not recall telling Mr. Connolly that Mr. Nichols "is a very strange and dangerous guy." I do not know Mr. Nichols very well, and would not have much of a basis for making such a characterization.

Mr. Connolly resorts again to innuendo to suggest something nefarious concerning my phone conversations with Mr. Nichols in light of allegations that he has an alliance with organized crime. My reason for talking with Mr. Nichols, who has always treated me with politeness, is to learn anything I can about the Justice Department's malfeasance against Inslaw and about Danny Casolaro's investigation of that malfeasance.

William Hamilton
President, Inslaw Inc.
Washington, D.C.

John Connolly replies, "Hamilton is right about the return call he received from Robert Booth Nichols on the afternoon that I unexpectedly returned to his office. The return call was, his secretary said at the time, from 'Bob' Nichols."

Other Voices, Other Letters

Camille Paglia ["Ask Camille Paglia: Advice for the Lovelorn, Among

Others," Naked City] is not a feminist, nor a postfeminist—she is a rank-and-file misogynist. I would rather lance a boil on Rush Limbaugh's butt than read a word of Ms. Paglia's.

Angela Kennedy

Iowa City, Iowa

As Ms. Paglia might say, "If Rush is game, go for it!"

John Simon may be a "smug, middle-aged blowhard" [Review of Reviewers, by James Collins, November 1992], but the sentence from Webster's that Mr. Collins quotes to show *everyone* taking a plural possessive adjective ("Everyone had made up their minds") is *not* "pretty analogous" to Simon's original, disputed sentence ("Everyone was finally left to his own confused devices"). In the Webster's sentence *everyone* takes a verb form ("had") that can be either third-person-singular ("he had," "she had," "it had") or third-person-plural ("they had"). In Mr. Simon's altered sentence there is an inconsistency of number between subject and possessive adjective: "was...their."

Mike Montesano

Bangkok, Thailand

James Collins replies, "Given Thailand's grave political situation—whatever it is exactly—I am shocked that Mr. Montesano has lent his tacit support to the regime by his presence there."

Thanks for consistently producing a great magazine. I really enjoy SPY, and not just because you print the articles without breaks ("Continued on page 201," e.g.). Keep it up.

Charles Weaver Jr.

Raleigh, North Carolina

We too hate jumps, as they're called. However, if we had a page 201 we would be tempted.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

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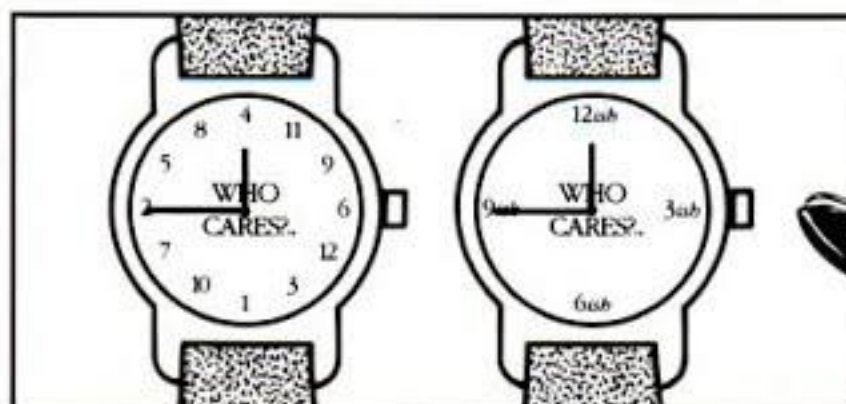
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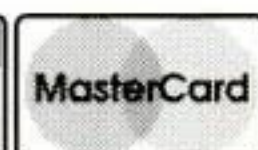


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MARCH 1993 SPY 13

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Rubin's Cubicle

Robert Rubin, the head of Bill Clinton's newly formed National Economic Council, arrived in Washington from Wall Street this year at the top of his game. From 1990 until he joined the government, Rubin, 54, was the co-chairman of Goldman, Sachs & Co., perhaps Wall Street's premier investment house and its only remaining partnership of any consequence. In 1992, Goldman made a profit of about \$1 billion; in each of the past two years Rubin himself received \$15 million in bonuses, and he took his partnership capital out of the firm when he left, thus pocketing, it is said by an erstwhile partner, a staggering \$100 million. That's the good news. The bad news is that the Wall Streeters who have in recent years gone to Washington at the top of their game include Nicholas Brady, the incredible shrinking Treasury secretary; John Whitehead, a former Goldman senior partner, who became deputy secretary of State in 1985 and was never heard from again until he became the chairman of the Brookings Institution last year; and, of course, Donald Regan, the former head of Merrill Lynch whose Washington career ended in a spiteful shambles. Will Robert Rubin succeed where these others have failed? Will his ego be able to withstand his relative powerlessness? Will he last more than 18 months?

No.

Rubin, who joined Goldman in 1966 after receiving a law degree from Yale (like Clinton and half the administration), is the most prominent of that rare species, the rich and powerful Wall Street Democrat. His involvement in Democratic politics goes back to the 1970s. In 1984 he was the finance chief in New York State for Walter Mondale's presidential campaign, and in 1988 he raised money for Michael Dukakis. Last year he was chairman of the New York City Host Committee for the Democratic convention. As a result he became close to

David Dinkins, for whom his wife works as protocol chief. Rubin is also friendly with Mario Cuomo.

Like all partners at Goldman, Rubin is known for his tremendous arrogance.

He and Stephen Friedman, Rubin's former co-chairman and now sole chairman of the firm, have also set Goldman on a more aggressive path that has been very successful in the last two years but may cause problems in the future. They have pushed Goldman, historically a firm where clients are all that matter in life, to do more trading for its own account. The change has been profitable, but if Rubin and Friedman's influence makes Goldman regard its clients as second priority, this will undermine the foundation on which the firm has rested for 124 years. The most dramatic example of Rubin and Friedman's overreaching was their Water Street Recovery

Fund. Set up in 1990, the fund used capital provided by Goldman and others to buy large blocks of bonds of distressed companies and leaned heavily on those companies to make changes. Goldman clients complained loudly that the firm was joining the ranks of the raiders and was also acquiring too big a stake in competitors, and the fund was disbanded in 1991.

In Washington, Rubin will not be anything like the player he was in New York. Despite its grand title, it is unclear what power, if any, the senior economic adviser has.

Undoubtedly, as economic-policy "coordinator" Rubin is considerably down the food chain from Treasury secretary, the job he wanted. Rubin really received the kiss of death shortly before the Inaugural when *The New York Times* published a long, flattering article predicting that he would be a power in the administration; such a story is almost invariably the last one about its subject that ever runs in

the paper. When asked about Rubin, one congressional staffer sniffed, "Essentially he's White House staff." Staff? Rubin is accustomed to having staff, not being staff. Some of his former colleagues are already relishing the vision of



Bill and Bob

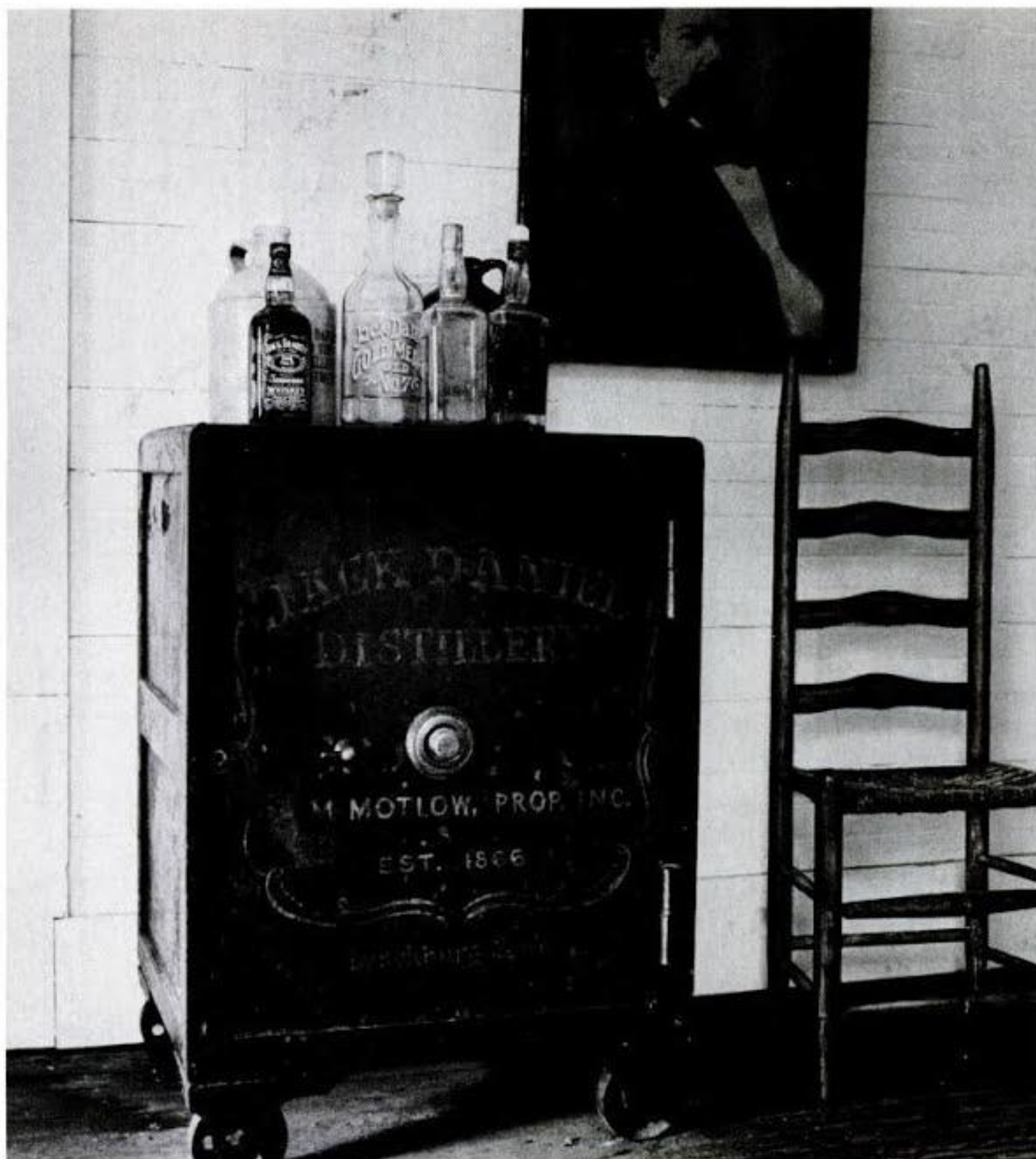
Rubin's former colleagues at Goldman relish the vision of him stewing in his tiny White House office

him stewing in his tiny White House office, getting the brush-off from Finance Committee aides who earn less than a first-year Goldman analyst.

Two possible explanations for why Rubin accepted such a nebulous and possibly insignificant post present themselves. One is that it does not require Senate confirmation. "It's been said," one Wall Streeter says, "that Rubin would have been Treasury secretary, but he couldn't have stood up to the scrutiny [of a Senate inquiry]." Explaining to the American people \$15-million-a-year bonuses and \$100 million payouts might have been a tad awkward for a Democratic appointee just now. Beyond this, there would have been questions about conflicts of interest that Rubin (and Clinton) would have just as soon avoided—"What do you think of stricter regulation of the securities industry, Mr. Rubin?" Then there was the chance that someone would bring up the close relationship Goldman, Sachs maintained with Robert Maxwell. Finally, not everything went smoothly on the ethics front while Rubin was at Goldman. In 1989, Bob Freeman, Goldman's head of risk arbitrage, resigned and went to jail after admitting to trading on inside information. Rubin was head of arbitrage for a time in the 1970s, and was also Freeman's most ardent supporter after his indictment and coordinated his defense. Clinton and Rubin surely figured that the less Rubin had to discuss this on C-SPAN, the better.

The other reason Rubin doesn't have a more important job, and may not be listened to in the one he has, is that his ties to Clinton are not strong. Rubin simply didn't back Clinton until it was very safe to do so. In the end, Rubin bought Clinton's stock at the high, and he will pay for it with irrelevance.

—Rawlie Thorpe



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MARCH 1993 SPY 15

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Love and War and Death

Few individuals are so much larger than life that they inspire immortal fictional creations: William Randolph Hearst and *Citizen Kane*'s Charles Foster Kane; Neal Cassady and *On the Road*'s Dean Moriarty; Barry Diller and *The Simpsons*'s Mr. Burns. But nominal TV producer Joel Shukovsky has inspired two such characters: Miles Silverberg, the nebbishy, hyperactive Jewish television producer on *Murphy Brown*, a show his wife, Diane English, created; and Jack Stein, the acerbic Jewish newspaper columnist on *Love and War*, a show his wife also created. In the all-too-likely event English creates another show requiring a cardboard-cutout pushy Jew, there is a third, as-yet-unadapted Shukovsky persona: Joel Shukovsky, the penny-pinching bad driver, who in the wacky opening episode smacks into a feisty old lady with his Range Rover. Only on the sitcom, she doesn't die.

As a full partner in Shukovsky English Entertainment, Shukovsky must do something to earn his share of their \$40 million no-lose-for-them deal with CBS, though few people, besides English, seem to recognize it. "When it's time to 'write' Jack's column," English told *Us* magazine last fall, "I just say to Joel, 'What's bugging you?'" Among the things that bug Joel, Shukovsky says, are "people writing checks for \$3.93 worth of razor blades at the supermarket, or driving thirty-five mph in the fast lane."

The latter is a rather unfortunate example to give, since just a year earlier, at 7:50 a.m. on May 6, 1991, Shukovsky, determined to get his wife to the airport in time for her 9:00 a.m. flight, proceeded down Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica and failed to see Alice Fiondella in a clearly marked crosswalk, according to the police report. The green Range Rover skidded 80 feet before and after hitting the 89-year-old, 87-pound Fiondella, who ended up 12 yards out of the crosswalk. When

officers arrived, English was comforting Fiondella, and Shukovsky was "standing next to his vehicle" wearing vehicle-matching "green tinted prescription sunglasses."

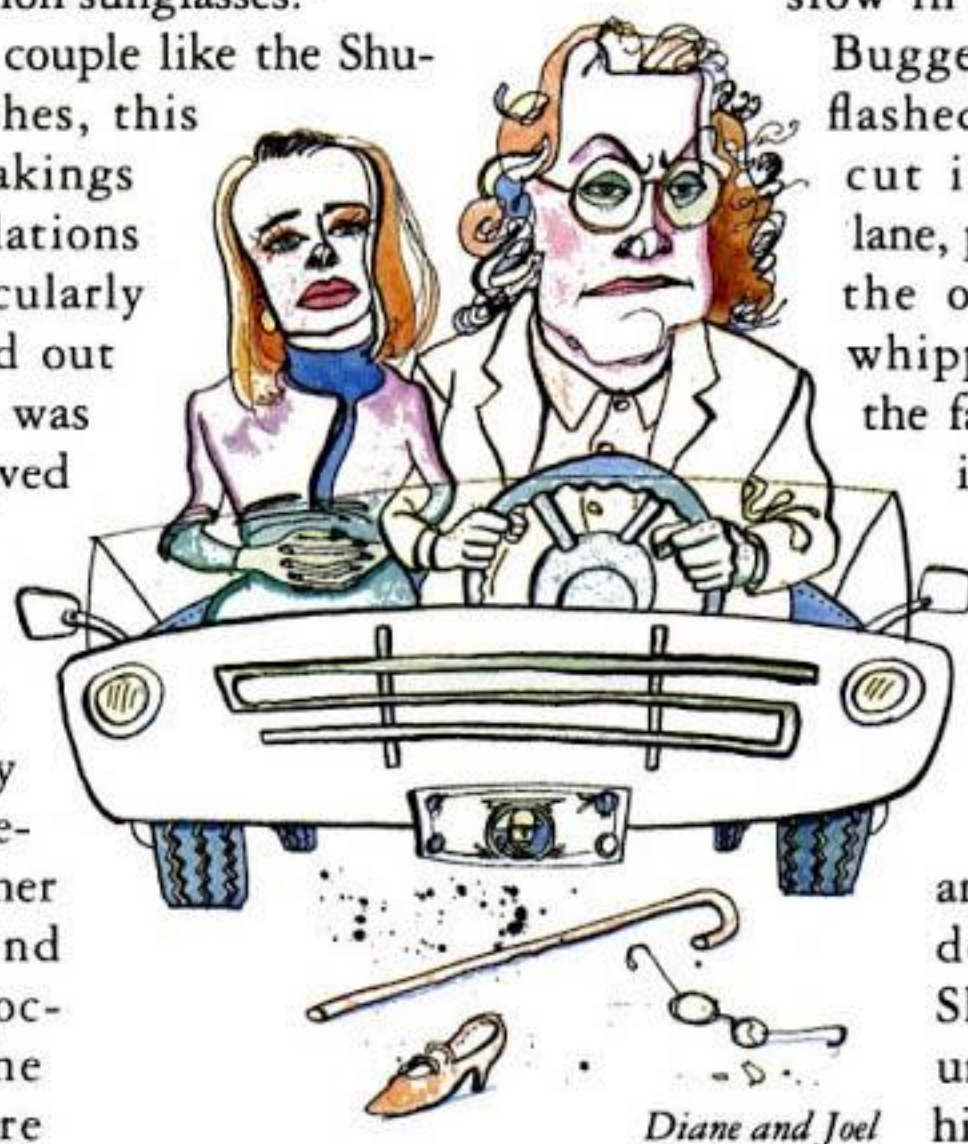
For a power couple like the Shukovsky Englishes, this had all the makings of a public-relations disaster, particularly when it turned out that Fiondella was the much-beloved matriarch of Chez Jay's, a popular Santa Monica eatery where celebrity patrons routinely referred to her as Mother. And the incident occurred on the Monday before Mother's Day. But in that magical show business way, everything turned out swell. While Fiondella was appropriately and publicly mourned, the press downplayed Shukovsky's involvement (the single *Los Angeles Times* story on Mother Fiondella's death mentions Shukovsky only in passing, in the twelfth paragraph of a 16-paragraph story, and English

not at all), and the Santa Monica city attorney's office, noting that Shukovsky "stopped immediately at the scene" and had "an apparently spotless driving record," declined to file any charges.

The city attorney's office was apparently unaware of one large spot. SPY has learned that on September 23, 1988, at approximately 10:00 p.m., Shukovsky was in his Range Rover cruising down the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu, only to become trapped behind one of those bothersome people who drive slow in the fast lane.

Bugged, Shukovsky flashed his brights, cut into the slow lane, partially passed the other car and whipped back into the fast lane, crashing his rear bumper into the front of the other car, according to that car's driver and an independent witness. Shukovsky was unable to supply his version of the events, according to the police report, "due to the fact that he fled the scene after the collision."

Malibu police tracked Shukovsky down through the license plate, and a couple of weeks later he came in for an interview, "visibly shaken and nervous," according to the police report. "With his hands now trembling in his lap," Shukovsky told a story simi-



One thing that bugs Joel is "driving thirty-five mph in the fast lane."

It is an unfortunate example.

lar to the other witnesses', except he recalled passing in the passing lane and did not speak of any collision. Asked how much he had had to drink, Shukovsky said, "I had a glass of wine," but then he became "very upset and declined to answer any further questions and demanded to speak to his attorney." Shukovsky was charged with a hit-and-run and driving without a license, but those charges were dropped when he agreed to pay the person he hit an undisclosed sum. Apparently that, and the fact that Malibu is nearly 20 minutes up the coast, explains why investigators of the Fiondella killing overlooked this relevant information.

But, hey, that's all ancient history, except for a pesky wrongful-death suit filed by Mother Fiondella's children, set to go to trial in September. In the meantime, Shukovsky has bigger problems, mostly involving his major ongoing project, "Justifying Joel Shukovsky's Existence." Since his wife is responsible for every genuinely creative aspect of their show, Shukovsky keeps busy saving money by hiring people who don't belong to greedy unions. Cost-efficient as this may be, it hasn't played well coming from the creators of the most notoriously liberal show on TV (in an apparent inside swipe, post-English *Murphy Brown* writers introduced Miles Silverberg's parents this season, portraying them as union organizers). Given English's gratuitously personal fuck-you to Ronald Reagan at the 1992 Emmys, it's odd to hear Shukovsky grouse, as he did to *The New York Times* recently, "I'm not anti-union, but I'm also not a socialist. You don't need four guys to run a camera....Do you know how much coffee and paper cups you can save that way?"

Another cost-cutting measure Shukovsky implemented once was denying the crew a sit-down meal after 12 hours of work and sending out for sandwiches—for which he allegedly then asked crew members to pay \$5.40 apiece.

His most brilliant business decision came during the taping of the *Love and War* pilot last year, which occurred inconveniently just as the Los Angeles riots were starting. While most producers lost valuable time and money by shutting down and sending everybody home, "Joel came down to the stage and said, basically, 'Don't worry, everything's okay, we can stay as late as we want,'" according to one person on the production. "He said, 'The curfew is just in place so that police can distinguish who is supposed to be out and who is not supposed to be out. We can stay past midnight, no problem.'" An audience was hijacked from a canceled *Dennis Miller Show* taping, and fortunately for all concerned, the pilot wrapped early, at 7:00 p.m. Crew members, who had accepted Shukovsky's version of reality, were surprised to find, upon leaving the studio, that "it was like Berlin in 1945 or something."

Clearly Shukovsky can be creative when need be; he was, after all, once a graphic designer for public TV. He makes the best of it.

"Joel is living proof of the axiom that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," one *Love and War* and *Murphy Brown* veteran attests. "He knows just enough to be a pain in the ass, but not enough to make any contribution."

In fact, day to day Shukovsky is more a butt of jokes on the *Love and War* set than a really onerous presence. "Jay Thomas [who plays Jack] is always joking, 'Here comes Joel, let's see what his contribution is going to be,'" one former crew member says. "And Joel would say, 'Diane, don't you think the painting would be better if we lowered it two inches and moved it to the right?'" Back on *Murphy Brown*, Shukovsky was once overheard nitpicking a set painter: "I don't like the color of the floor here. Why don't you bring it up a bit?" From then on, he was referred to as "the Executive in Charge of Floor Coloring." —Laureen Hobbs



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Do the Right Thing, As Long As It Feels Good

A youngish, sexy Democrat in the White House—and particularly one whom everyone from Mike Ovitz to Norman Lear thinks he helped create—has the Hollywood big shots feeling warm and uplifted, as if the town had gone en masse to a Richard Attenborough movie. It seems as if the transcontinental Inaugural glow made the Jeffrey Katzenberg-ian New Age movie talk out here—talk of making great films instead of great deals, of helping the creative community be the best it can be—still gassier and more widespread.

Take the invitation-only American Film Institute symposium, staged the Saturday after everybody returned from Aspen and before anyone went to Washington. Pontificating were three local philosophers: Disney's Katzenberg, Joel Silver (the producer of superviolent films who loves calling people *asshole* to their face) and Mark Canton (the successful Columbia chairman whom Katzenberg enviously calls *asshole* behind his back). After Katzenberg had delivered one of his New Jeffrey speeches about *trusting* filmmakers, an agent named Frank Wuliger stood up and figuratively killed himself. "You talk about 'trust,'" he said, "but we all know that in Hollywood *trust* just means 'fuck you.'" Katzenberg's *How-could-you-be-so-naughty?* riposte depressingly put the whole room on Jeffrey's side.

Wuliger, the bozo, may no longer have much of a career, but he does have a point. Again and again in movie meetings, when regret or anger has been expressed over a deal-driven injustice, someone says, quoting the Meyer Lansky character from *The Godfather, Part II*, "Michael, this is the business we have chosen." They chuckle, but they mean it.

So the recent rampant kinder-gentler ethical talk is mostly lip service, albeit lip service Katzenberg himself seems to believe. He has dismantled

Disney's office of physical production, which was the studio's gestapo arm. However, according to people who have been working for Disney, these officially deactivated spies now have innocuous-sounding positions on various productions but, having been programmed to spy, just can't help reporting behind-the-scenes intelligence to their superiors.

But, still, Hollywood wants to show it *cares*, that despite the *Terminators* and the recent Ices T and Cube vehicle *Trespass*, it yearns to film more than gratuitous slaughter. (Besides, *Trespass* tanked badly.) Katzenberg, for his part, has agreed to make Ismail Merchant and James Ivory's pictures and has suggested he won't, say, force them to replace Helena Bonham Carter with Goldie Hawn. And he has given lovable Joe

Roth a (theoretically) no-strings deal worth hundreds of millions. Why? Because (1) Roth is everything Katzenberg isn't—that is, a real mensch; and (2) his movies are all desperately sentimental. In Hollywood sentimentalism passes for heart, and Disney wants a heart transplant.

Consider the bomb *Toys*: Because Roth is a nice, liberal CAA client, he spent 50 million of Rupert Murdoch's dollars letting Barry Levinson, who's a nice, liberal CAA client, make a picture starring Robin Williams, who's a nice, liberal CAA client. The only trouble was that the script was an insufferably fey circa-1975-peacenik concoction, the best that Hollywood's best can do when they try to make a picture about morality.

At least the people who made *Toys* were *consciously* sending a dopey message. Most makers of mainstream movies willfully *ignore* their movies' messages. They don't want to

hear that *Lethal Weapon 3* reinforces the idea that automatic weapons are the niftiest way to solve a problem, or that *Hoffa* perpetuates the notion that nobody's virtuous. For an industry run by people whose politics are all about facile moral righteous-



Arnold and Ice-T

Toys is the best Hollywood can do when it tries to make a picture about morality

ness, Hollywood is remarkably unwilling even to *talk about* accepting any personal responsibility, as Clinton would say.

Movie people love to think that liberal message movies—*Gandhi*, *Cry Freedom*, *Malcolm X*, *People Like Us*—can be socially salutary. But suggest the converse, that violent, nihilistic movies might also affect the real world, and you are treated like a reactionary lunatic. Michael Medved (*Hollywood vs. America*) is sort of a reactionary lunatic, but is his essential point—that filmmakers might be a bit responsible for the behaviors their movies serve to encourage—really so ridiculous?

Boycotting ski resorts is a silly way to try to make Colorado red-necks rescind the antigay Amendment 2, but until now, Hollywood liberals have specialized in just such silly gestures. For nearly anyone in the industry who wasn't named Streisand, however, the very idea of canceling Aspen plans was ridiculous. Barbra's producer friends Jon Peters and Steve Tisch went, for instance, even though Tisch is the board chairman of AIDS Project Los Angeles, at whose fundraiser Streisand endorsed the boycott.

What did Hollywood do on its winter vacation? The A-list events had a decidedly 1970s feel. Robert Towne, Frank Perry and Bob Rafelson were all in town, as were Cher and Dustin Hoffman. If this were 1977, the sit-down dinner at the restaurant ZG would have been the planetary epicenter of hipness—co-hosted by Jimmy Buffett, Jann Wenner, Don Henley and Lorne Michaels, attended by Chevy Chase and Jack Nicholson.

Catherine Oxenberg (who tried on used jeans at a local resale shop) and Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith may have nowhere else to go, but exactly why did Robert De Niro's lieutenant Jane Rosenthal, Warners president Terry Semel and Barry Levinson feel that they just *had* to be in Aspen *this* Christmas? Seeing the ice-hockey matches at

the town rink with Marvin Davis's mogul-manqué son, John, and Jerry Bruckheimer as players isn't quite a good enough excuse. On the other hand, there was also the attraction of schlepping over to Colorado Springs for the marriage of CAA stud Ron Meyer to a young woman named, of course, Kelly.

The people who own pieces of Aspen had no real choice. Sony chairman Peter Guber had to defend his barns, which the locals had discovered are really guesthouses, one of which was built in an environmentally sensitive elk habitat. In the end, Guber got to keep his "barns." (Guber is Mr. Design lately, micromanaging the endless renovation of the Sony lot. These are excerpts from a recent memo from inside Sony: "[A Sony functionary] will review...design plans for the Company Store with Peter Guber...[The functionary] noted Peter Guber had also requested studies on a logo for the entry at TriStar on the stair towers using the new Pegasus....Trees...are being positioned at the [TriStar] lot. Peter Guber has been notified of their installation for his review and will wait until more trees are in place to review the parking lot.")


Out here, moral duty is a NIMBY kind of thing—good to mention in high-minded after-dinner speeches, but nothing that should cause people in the 310 area code any inconvenience. The famous Clintonian concern for the next generation does exist among Hollywood baby-boomers, but the focus is not on Head Start. *Did Mike write you a letter of recommendation?* one youngish CAA agent asked another youngish CAA agent at a social event recently. *No, Mike doesn't have any connection to our kid's school*—The first agent interrupted: *That doesn't matter. Mike writes letters for everybody. Because as Michael Ovitz knows, this is the business we have chosen.*

See you Monday night at Mortons. I'll have the vegetable plate—it's cruelty-free. —Celia Brady

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The Great Black Hope

There are certain similarities between Representative Mel Reynolds, freshman Democrat from Illinois, and Thomas Jefferson Johnson, the con man turned congressman played by Eddie Murphy in *The Distinguished Gentleman*. Both are young, black, good-looking and extraordinarily persuasive. Both scored highly coveted assignments to powerful House committees. Both act obsequious around rich white people. So it might seem natural to compare the two. But it would be wrong.

For one, Congressman Johnson's obsequiousness is an obvious put-on; Reynolds's is less obvious. The guy in *The Distinguished Gentleman* is in it only for the money; Reynolds insists he isn't. At the end of the movie, the Eddie Murphy character risks his political career to do the right thing; when Reynolds thought his political career might be threatened by this story, he called SPY and offered to supply dirt on a fellow black congressman.

But perhaps the biggest difference is that in real life, getting to Capitol Hill requires more subtlety and takes more time than would work on the big screen—lessons Reynolds has been learning throughout his own distinguished career.

Born in Mississippi and raised in a housing project on Chicago's poor West Side, Reynolds has spent his adult life overcoming his circumstances: Making shrewd use of 1970s educational opportunities for blacks, he attended—but never graduated from—Yale College and Yale Law School and Harvard Law School and Harvard's Kennedy School of Government; a Rhodes scholar, he became a darling of the moneyed as their choice to run against Congress's most infamously ghastly black member; elected in his third run, he has been appointed to the powerful Ways and Means Committee, practically unheard of for a freshman.

Nevertheless, Reynolds remains something of a Diamond Jim in the

rough. He says he owns only one dress suit, a far cry from the beringed splendor of his Chicago political idol, Ways and Means chairman and current congressional-investigation target Dan Rostenkowski.

Reynolds "is evasive, and not smooth," one longtime acquaintance says. "But he'll learn."

Reynolds already exhibits a lot of raw congressional talent. He has a remarkable enthusiasm for raising money (more than \$1 million in his three congressional campaigns—probably a record for a nonincumbent black contender), as well as a propensity for not paying bills and bouncing checks. These habits in no way dissuaded House leaders from putting Reynolds's hand on the national purse strings, though, thanks to the intense lobbying effort he began on Capitol Hill even before

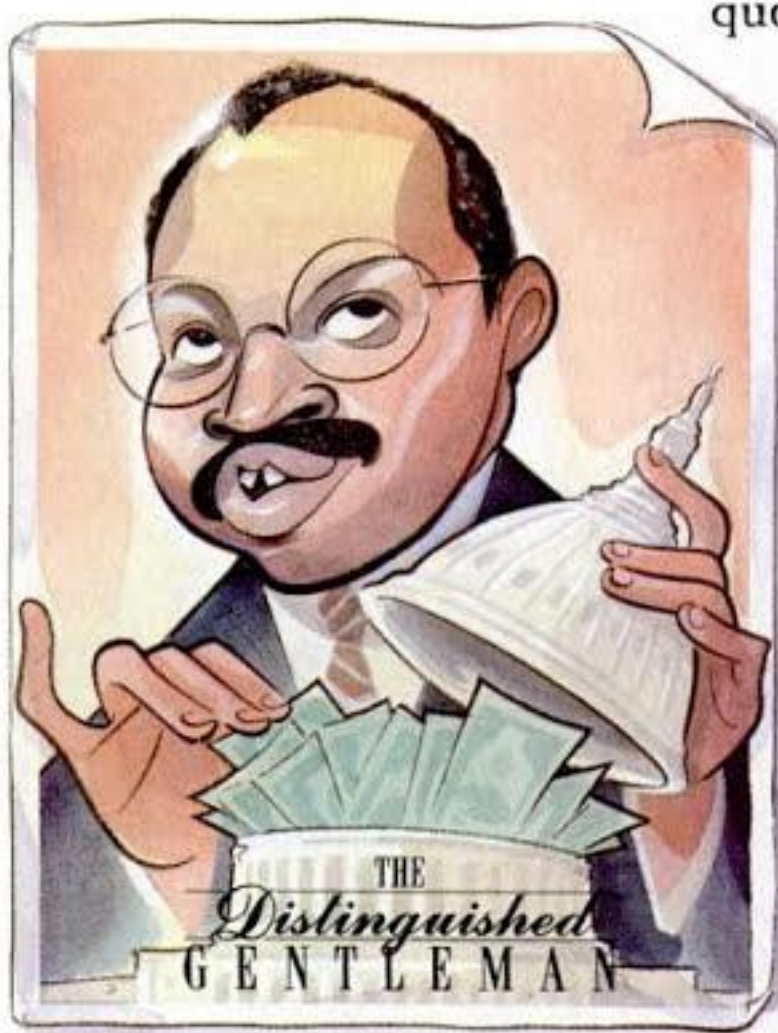
the 1992 primary. "I worked my tail off to get on that committee," Reynolds told SPY proudly, denying rumors that a nexus of influence involving Rostenkowski and Chicago mayor Richard Daley put him there.

Reynolds is less shy about acknowledging his financial benefactors. He began his election-night victory speech, "This campaign began when the last one ended a year ago, when I sat down with J. B. Pritzker to map strategy for 1992." (Pritzker, heir to the Hyatt fortune, promptly put out a press release

quoting his new congressman in case any reporters had missed it.)

One reason Reynolds was able to muster so much support is that he was regarded as a great black hope by whites who had been terrorized by the antiwhite rhetoric of the otherwise utterly inept sexual harasser Gus Savage. Long a source of entertainment in Washington—calling reporters "faggots" and deeming "historically, culturally and politically

accurate" Louis Farrakhan's claim that "Hitler was a great man"—Savage managed to keep Reynolds at bay in the 1990 primary by accusing him of taking "Jewish money" and publicly reading a list of Jewish-sounding names from Reyn-



Mel

"Reynolds is evasive, and not smooth," one acquaintance says.

"But he'll learn."

olds's contributor filing.

Reynolds's fortunes turned with the 1990 census, which caused Savage's district to be redrawn to include some of Chicago's southern suburbs—white Ditzland preserves that, while hardly hotbeds of Holocaust sensitivity, preferred the nice black man to the crazy, mean one.

Reynolds's success among the wealthy and white goes back at least to 1972, when, after graduating from a Chicago junior college, he attended Yale for a single semester. Although he went back to the University of Illinois to get his bachelor's degree, the call of Ivy League life was irresistible. He later attended Harvard Law School, leaving after one year; Yale Law School for a fall semester; and, finally, the Kennedy School, a stint he includes on his résumé with an asterisk indicating that he's still intending to write that thesis.

Despite his fitful academic record, Reynolds's classmates are unsurprised by his success, particularly given what one calls his "talent for bullshitting."

"He's very gregarious," a fellow Rhodes scholar says. "Very pleasant. Very insecure. Teller of tall tales. He'll make a good politician."

"A lot of us from Oxford used to delight in tracking Mel," another says. Fellow Rhodies still laugh about Reynolds's showing up for exams with his arm in a sling (Reynolds says he sprained it playing basketball and when asked if it got him out of exams responded, "People always talk about African Americans because they are racist pigs"). Classmates also recall that when he failed exams, he claimed his professors were racists who had lost them. "Mel," says an Oxford classmate, "has a tendency to cry racism when he's under pressure."

Throughout the campaign, Reynolds fought news reports and accusations from his challengers (both black) that he had a record of per-

sonal financial problems suggesting a man at best unable to conduct his personal affairs and at worst a flagrant scofflaw. For example, he has defaulted on two Harvard University loans, totaling \$18,608, from 1986. Reynolds blames "an overzealous collection lawyer" out to make some money. "It's not like Harvard's chasing me around the country for \$14,000 or whatever it is," he says.

Reynolds's propensity for writing bad checks appears to put him on a par with Congress's best. Recent reports in two of his hometown papers detail his tendency to fail to pay for everything from the rent on apartments and offices to the band at his wedding. Cook County court records indicate that Reynolds has been sued 16 times since his first run for Congress in 1988, for writing bad checks on his personal and campaign accounts. Seven of the lawsuits resulted in judgments of \$53,552 against him.

Reynolds believes his debts are no worse than those incurred by most nonincumbent campaigners—the difference is, he's black and people "don't wait. They run out and get a judgment on you."

Even his philanthropic efforts are tainted. He was sued twice by British Airways over the same bounced check when he took students to Sudan in 1986 as part of a project of his American Scholars Against World Hunger. ASAWH evolved into another supposedly not-for-profit organization after Reynolds started running for office on Chicago's South Side in 1986. It became the Mel Reynolds Foundation and later the Community Economic Development and Education Foundation, groups he never registered as charities with the state of Illinois.

When asked by SPY about the foundation, Reynolds grew indignant, charging that questions about its IRS status are racially motivated. The foundation, he said initially, worked at "mentoring students, working 12 hours a day free, six

days a week, helping kids stay away from drugs." A few minutes later, he clarified that to say the foundation selected students from five inner-city high schools and invited them to Roosevelt University one Saturday a month "to learn what college was like."

Reynolds called SPY shortly after reading in a Chicago paper that we were preparing a story on him. In that and four subsequent conversations, he blamed racism, family troubles, vindictive journalists, overzealous lawyers and, at one point, a campaign treasurer's mistakes for his financial problems. "I don't understand why I'm being singled out," he said. "I'm a black poor kid who became a Rhodes scholar, and that's not enough?"

Asked whether his personal financial difficulties should give the public cause for alarm about his posting to the Ways and Means Committee, Reynolds grew indignant again: "The two have nothing to do with each other, and it's kind of racist to assume that blacks can't handle money."

He is less touchy about perpetuating other black stereotypes, however. Three times he went off the record to tip the magazine off to a fellow black congressman who, he insinuated, would make a much better story than he. "I'll tell you something," he said. "Is SPY magazine doing a story on ___? On the fact that he didn't pay child support for ten years? If I had ten years of not paying child support, I would not run." Back on the record, Reynolds explained that his primary motivation for being on Ways and Means was to ensure that "men pay for their children." His was also, he says, a very personal goal: "In the Ways and Means Committee there is a provision to provide several billion dollars to state and local governments to hire guys [at public-service jobs] so they will have money to pay people back...to pay their children, I should say." —Nina Burleigh

Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Like cranky overstimulated four-year-olds on Christmas morning, celebrity partygoers feting **Bill Clinton** in Washington couldn't help turning surly and self-absorbed before the actual swearing-in. New Democratic Party boss **Barbra Streisand** harangued the producers of CBS's Inaugural variety special, telling them the announcer had mispronounced her name—*It's Streisand, not Streisend*—and that if they didn't correct the error with postdubbing, she wasn't going to perform, period. Shrewdly, the producers agreed to the diva's demands, then ignored her. No finessing could patch up the apparent tiff between **Michael Jackson** and his Big Brother ward **Macaulay Culkin**, however: Everything had been arranged for them to share a dressing room, and for Mac to introduce Jackson at the gala, but by performance time they had very separate quarters and **Chevy Chase** was dragooned into welcoming Jackson. And at the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals ball, actor-humanitarian **Alec Baldwin** grew irritable when one journalist asked him, "What are you doing in D.C.?" Baldwin graciously responded, "Answering stupid questions from stupid fucking reporters."

2

It would be hard to guess what has given **Arthur "Pinch" Sulzberger Jr.** more pleasure since he became publisher of *The New York Times* last year: inventing the legendarily unstylish Sunday "Styles" section or humiliating the legendarily unstylish and petulant executive editor,



Pinch

Max Frankel. In connection with the paper's recent merciless economizing, Sulzberger unrelentingly teased Frankel for having two secretaries. When the hazing by the boss's son became intolerable, Frankel finally let one of his assistants go. So in addition to figuring out how the paper should play the latest news from Bosnia, Frankel has been seen Xeroxing. Meanwhile, another important executive at the paper has gone out and hired a second secretary. Which executive? Pinch Sulzberger.



Barbra

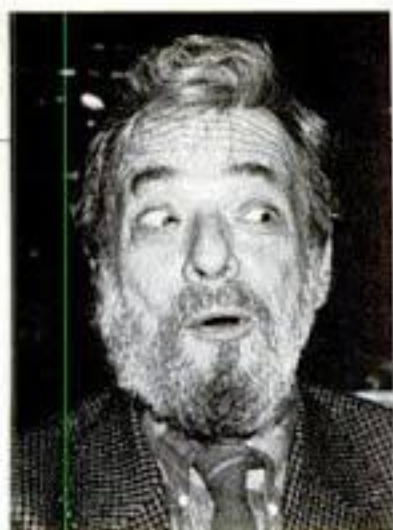
Before sex-scandal-tainted senator **Brock Adams** left office, one of his aides was instructed to write a tribute to a Seattle community leader and insert it in *The Congressional Record*. The salute to the erstwhile ally, who had deserted Adams last summer during his time of trouble, began, "Family and friends of **Robert J. Block** will next week observe [his] 70th birthday. Under normal circumstances, [this] might pass without significant public attention, but Bob Block deserves special recognition." The tribute droned on, "Calling upon a range of interests....Knuckling under has never been....Years ago, Robert....

Over the years, Bob....Unflagging devotion to....Recalling his many years, I....Observing the polluted shoreline of the lake....Before long, Lake Washington has....Every citizen....Remembering his roots....Thank you, Bob Block." Straightforward enough, until one splits off the first letter of

Brock

each sentence, and true feelings are revealed. ☾





A Little Night Jingle **Stephen Sondheim's Secret Sitcom Hackwork**

Neil Simon and Gore Vidal are the rare exceptions—respected writers who can look back on their forays into prime-time television without being completely aghast. Most are not so lucky.

It's rather well known that science-fiction author Harlan Ellison wrote a *Star Trek*. Not so well known is his authorship of a *Flying Nun*. Ellison had the presence of mind to use a pseudonym (Cordwainer Bird) on his episode, which is no better than a *Flying Nun* ought to be. "You Can't Get There from Here" has Sister Bertrille stranded on a desert island with playboy Carlos Ramirez.

More surprising is the prolific bad-TV career of Stephen Sondheim. Long before his Broadway successes, Sondheim wrote or co-wrote about a dozen scripts for *Topper*, the 1950s sitcom derived from the 1937 movie. We unearthed the scripts at the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research in Madison, to which Sondheim had donated them.

The most tantalizing find among the Sondheim scripts is in an episode called "Preparations for Europe." *Topper's* wife enters a breakfast-cereal-jingle contest to win a

trip abroad. What are the jingle-contest entries but lost and—until now—unheralded Sondheim lyrics?

The contest requires Henrietta to complete the jingle "Everyone loves Individual Oats/..." Her entries include the following:

"Everyone loves Individual Oats

"They're just like music with beautiful notes."

"...It's the cereal on which the whole family dotes."

"...The person who eats them gloats."

"...It's the cereal everyone votes—for."

The last entry, which wins the contest, clearly prefigures Sondheim's mastery of internal rhyme.

—William Poundstone

(from *Biggest Secrets*, William Morrow & Co. Inc., May 1993)

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



The Frontiers of Etiquette, Part I

Cyrus Zal, an anti-abortion attorney from California, recently appealed a contempt-of-court citation he incurred while representing seven anti-abortion protesters charged with trespass. Wishing to focus on the trespass charges, the judge forbade Zal from using certain words and phrases when presenting his defense. Among them were *killing centers, baby killer, murder, deathscort, holocaust, abortuary, death mill, Hitler, Nazi, sacrifice, execu-*

tion, homicide, genocide, fratricide, sororicide, infanticide, feticide, parricide, aborticide, monster, massacre, decimation, cut-throat, bloodletting, slaughter, extermination, martyrdom, butcher(y), carnage, bloodbath, assassin, thug, eradication and mass destruction. Despite the court's order, Zal asked the following questions of witnesses:

"What time do the first victims arrive?"

"How do ►

Private Lives of Public Figures



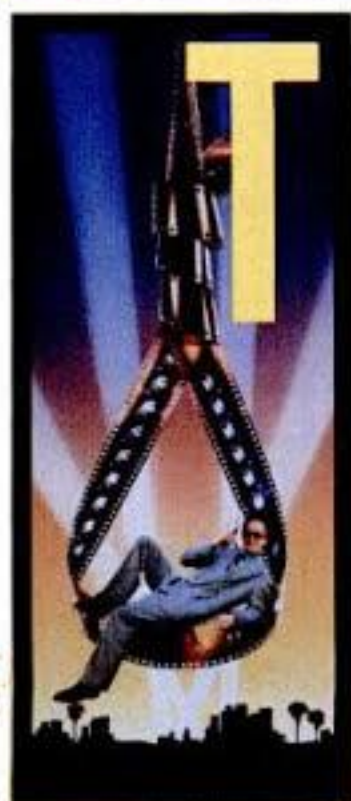
Richard Nixon and George Steinbrenner welcome Elliot Abrams and Cap Weinberger to their secret fraternity.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

SPY and New Line Home Video

Present the

are you a PLAYER? contest



To celebrate the home video release of the critically acclaimed Robert Altman film *The Player*, SPY invites you to test your Player instincts and your knowledge of the industry—that is, needless to say, the motion picture industry—by entering the *Are You a Player?* Contest. When answering the following questions remember that you are an egomaniac who would stab even your mother in the back to get an exclusive deal with Julia Roberts. You needn't have seen the film to play—but if you *haven't* seen Robert Altman's darkly satiric tale of greed, ambition, lust, murder, suspense and power, it will be out on home video in a matter of weeks.

- 1** You run into an old friend who tells you he has been "doing freelance work." You assume...
- a) He's the latest script polisher on the new Spielberg movie.
 - b) He's developing a new sitcom for Fox.
 - c) He's writing a spec script for *The Larry Sanders Show*.
 - d) He's collecting unemployment.



- 2** A writer approaches you in the studio parking lot with an idea for a movie. You...
- a) Grab your throat and feign laryngitis.
 - b) Grab his throat and tell him never to

set foot on the lot again without an appointment.

- c) Listen to his idea—if it's good, tell him you hate it and later call it your own.
 - d) Listen to his idea—if it's bad, tell him you love it, forget it and get on with your day.
- 3** Which pitch summary is the most viable?
- a) *Ghost* meets *The Manchurian Candidate*.
 - b) *A Touch of Evil* meets *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.
 - c) *Pretty Woman* meets *Out of Africa*.
 - d) All of the above.

- 4** Someone mistakes you for Martin Scorsese. You...
- a) Sign an autograph.
 - b) Say, "I'm sorry, you're mistaken."

- c) Say, "Excuse me, but I'm late for my meeting with Bobby."
- d) Say, "No, but I know Harvey Keitel."

- 5** Which movie should you green-light?
- a) Political-Political
 - b) Radical-Political
 - c) Political-Thriller-Comedy
 - d) Psychic-Political-Thriller-Comedy-With-a-Heart
- 6** The studio head wants you to cast his daughter in a role that you planned to give to someone bankable. You...
- a) Tell him you'll need to screen-test her first.
 - b) Tell him she's perfect for the part and then privately try to talk her into breast implants.
 - c) Leak a nasty story about nepotism to the press.
 - d) Tell the daughter that if she wants to avoid jealous rumors of nepotism, she should change her name—to Julia Roberts.
- 7** You see Cher at Mortons. You...
- a) Grab her hand and tell her how nice it is to see her again, even though you've never met her.
 - b) Grab her hand and examine her tattoos.
 - c) Slap her and say, "Snap out of it!"
 - d) Snub her—everyone will think you are more important than she.



- 8** An anonymous writer keeps sending you threatening postcards. You...
- a) Reroute them to a rival executive.
 - b) Kill him, then date his grieving widow.
 - c) Forget it—you already know that everyone would kill you for your job anyway.
 - d) A combination of (a) and (b).

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- 9 Which one of these is a Player Rule?
- a) Never order the same mineral water twice.
 - b) Never drink water from a wineglass.
 - c) Never discuss script changes at a party.
 - d) All of the above.
- 10 Which movie should you green-light?
- a) *The Rise and Fall of Captain Kangaroo*.
 - b) A feature version of a Calvin Klein OBSESSION ad—no words.
 - c) *The Ivana Trump Story*—starring Madonna, of course.
 - d) *Home Alone 3: Lost in South Central*.
- 11 There's a rumor that you are about to be replaced by an up-and-coming vice president at your own studio. You...
- a) Get even by green-lighting a sequel to *Ishtar*.

- b) Immediately issue a memo stating your intention to leave because of "artistic differences."
- c) Dig up those compromising photos of the studio chief—you knew they would come in handy one day.
- d) Leave town for the nearest spa, as these things usually blow over. If it doesn't, you wouldn't want to be around anyway.

★ ★ ★ PLAYER PRIZES ★ ★ ★

Grand Prize: THE PLAYER poster signed by Robert Altman; a copy of THE PLAYER on home video; and a **PLAYER PACK:** a black long-sleeve **PLAYER** T-shirt, a black wool **PLAYER** baseball cap, a pair of **PLAYER** sunglasses and a **PLAYER** "cellular phone" stationery set.

Runners-up: **PLAYER PACK** (25 to be awarded). **Special Bonus:** The first 25 entrants from the New York City tristate area will be invited to attend a superexclusive Oscar Night bash in Manhattan hosted by SPY and New Line Home Video on March 29.

- 12 In the 1980s, producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer were responsible for some of the decade's biggest hits. Since leaving Paramount for Disney in 1990,

how many of their projects have made it to the big screen?

- a) 12 b) 6 c) 2 d) 0

- 13 Until he stepped down and signed a production deal with Disney last year, Joe Roth ran Fox during the two most successful years in the studio's history. Prior to that, which ultra classy box office smashes did he direct?
- a) *Revenge of the Nerds II*
 - b) *Streets of Gold*
 - c) *Coup de Ville*
 - d) All of the above

- 14 In Hollywood, when a star's manager says "Have them send a G," he's referring to:
- a) \$1,000
 - b) A Gulfstream jet
 - c) A gram of cocaine
 - d) A hooker

- 15 Which of the following studios is not foreign-owned?
- a) Columbia
 - b) Universal
 - c) TriStar
 - d) Fox

- 16 Last year, Jay Sures, a young agent with United Talent Agency, sent a widely quoted letter to the Sony division that sells phones in which he said, "I am confident that if I sent these [faulty] phones to my friend and business associate Peter Guber of Sony, or to Akio Morita in New York...they both would be embarrassed...." When Guber caught wind of the letter, what did he do to Sures?
- a) Had his legs broken.
 - b) Sent him new phones.
 - c) Told him to "erase my name from your Rolodex, and from your memory."
 - d) Hired him, because "the kid's got balls."

A Player Clip-and-Save Feature

glossary of **PLAYER** terminology

Pitch (noun): A desperate attempt by a screenwriter to explain his or her movie idea to a producer or studio exec, thereby persuading said power broker to sink millions into the project. Often preceded by the words "OK, in 25 words or less...Ready? Go." Usually followed by shameless groveling.

Frisbee (noun): A well-worn script that's made the rounds to every reader at every studio in town. "That frisbee's so old, *Birth of a Nation* stole scenes from it!"

Turnaround (noun): Where a script

goes when the studio that optioned it opts out. **Synonyms:** limbo, purgatory, permanent holding pattern. "My script's in turnaround. I'm thinking of going into real estate."

Network (verb): To spread disinformation.

Collaborate (verb): To argue incessantly.

"Speak to my assistant": Buzz off.

"The studio has made all of its commitments for the year": Your idea sucks.

Director's Cut (noun): The director's self-indulgent, overlong version of a film before it's butchered by the producers to make it more commercial.



you feel about making a living off the blood of babies?"

"Are your paychecks bloodstained?"

"How long have you been in the baby-killing business?"

"Does the oath you have taken to tell the truth mean anything to someone in the baby-killing business?"

"Are you concerned that you may someday be charged with murder for your role in the abortion holocaust?"

"Officer, were you an unborn baby at some time in your life?"

Zal's appeal was denied.



The Frontiers of Etiquette, Part II

The following memorandum was distributed to editors, art directors and a photo editor at *High Society* magazine:

In the interest of supplying our German staff with [photographs] to create our titles there, it is imperative that we follow certain guidelines...for they have strict censorship controls....

DON'TS

Avoid total spread-open shots. (While they're allowed to show pubic hair...they're not permitted to show real "vaginal matter"; they do airbrush in pubic hair, but...it is costly and the results look fake.)

When hands are positioned near the vagina, all fingernails must be clearly seen....

Models cannot have shaven vaginas.... ▶

Naked City

Electric Kool-Aid Acid Cliché By the Way.

SPY Is Like *The New Yorker* on Psilocybin

They'll stone you when you're reading their review. Pop culturists seem to be at pains these days to describe things vividly, accessibly and quickly, and their recurring solution suggests that everybody indeed *must* get stoned.

AT THE MOVIES "[The novel *Negrophobia*] is downright disgusting, like *'Ghostbusters'* on acid."—AP, Sept. 18, 1992 ♦ "[The movie *Complex World* is] like *'The Commitments'* on acid."—Boston Globe, Feb. 28, 1992

HOOKED ON CLASSICS "The Vanilla Fudge [performs] dense, gothic versions of Motown plums that grind and churn like *Wagner* on acid."—Stereo Review, May 1992 ♦ "[Queen's *'Bohemian Rhapsody'*] explodes into a frenzied, cartoonish pop opera, with the harmony...sounding like *Rossini* on acid."—Newsday, April 19, 1992 ♦ "I was like *Sinatra* on acid."—"Big Daddy" Graham on his musical cabaret act, in Washington Times, Dec. 12, 1991

IT'S A SMALL WORLD "Kinda like *Disneyland* on acid—and I'm the E ticket."—Cher on her stage show, in Newsweek, Sept. 4, 1989 ♦ "A young Chicago man [plans to build] a \$150-million entertainment complex that would be 'like *Disneyland* on acid.'..."—Chicago Tribune, Oct. 3, 1988

2-D OR NOT 2-D "The cartoon series [*Ren & Stimpy*], described as *'Rocky & Bullwinkle on bad acid'*..."—Variety, June 15, 1992 ♦ "[Cartoonist Steve Phillips created] *'Where's Melinda?'*, a PMS-plagued character 'sort of like *Cathy* on

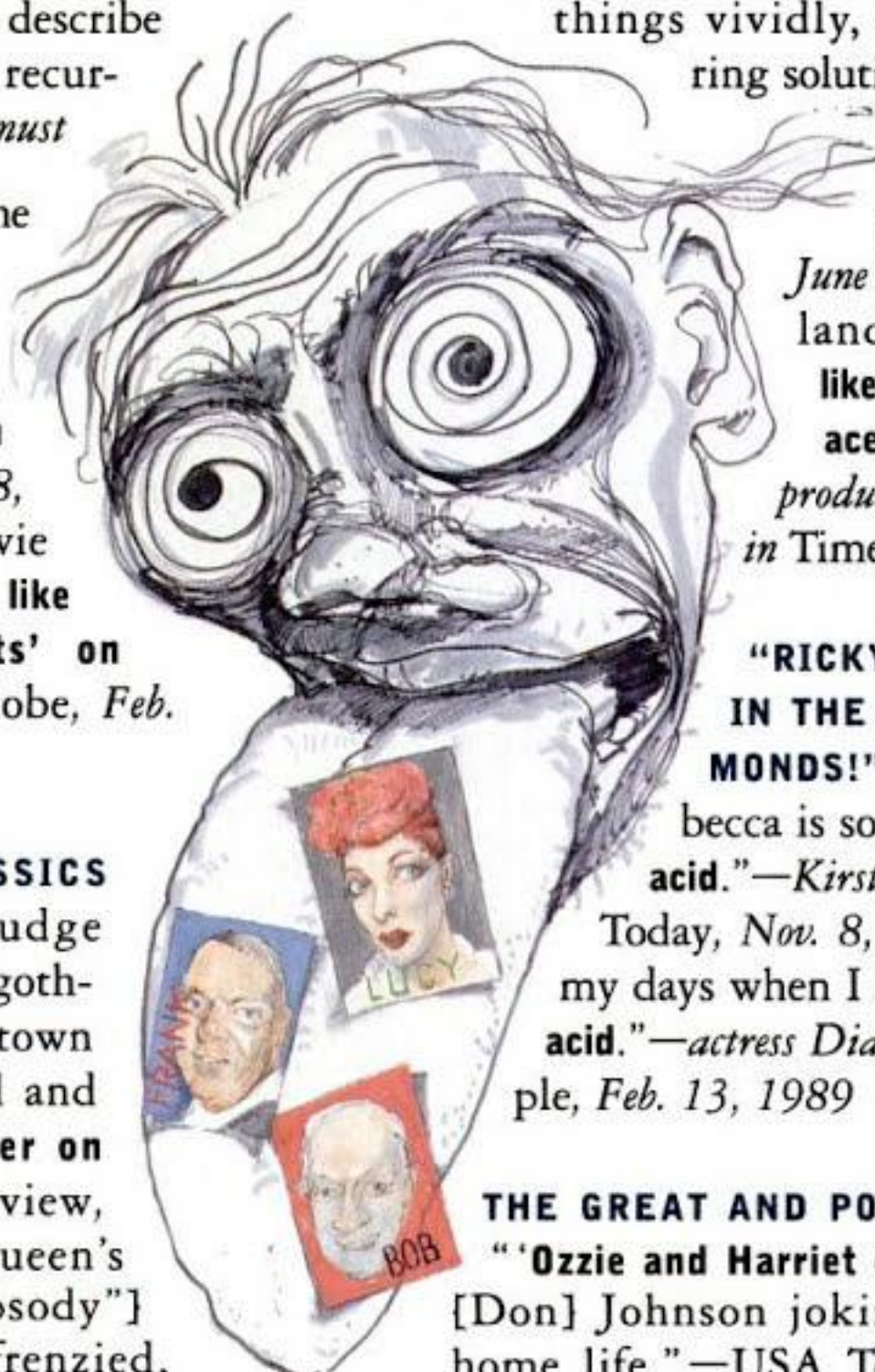
acid.'"—AP, June 9, 1992 ♦ "[Orlando, Florida] is like...*Dennis the Menace* on acid."—L.A. producer Bob Simonds, in Time, May 27, 1991

"**RICKY, WAAHHH, I'M IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS!**" "[*Cheers*]'s Rebecca is sort of like *Lucy* on acid."—Kirstie Alley, in USA Today, Nov. 8, 1990 ♦ "I have my days when I look like *Lucy* on acid."—actress Diane Lane, in People, Feb. 13, 1989

THE GREAT AND POWERFUL OZZIE "'*Ozzie and Harriet* on acid' is how [Don] Johnson jokingly describes home life."—USA Today, Sept. 18, 1991

BUT WHAT IF, LIKE, YOU'VE HAD SOME REALLY BAD TRIPS ON ACID? "[Nicholas Cage] looks vaguely like the *Road Runner* on Quaaludes."—Washington Post, Aug. 28, 1992 ♦ "Camille Paglia, who is beginning to sound like *Ayn Rand* on mushrooms..."—New Republic, Oct. 28, 1991 ♦ "[The pop trio Betty] sounds like the *Manhattan Transfer* on mescaline."—Newsday, Oct. 4, 1990

HAS EVERYBODY BEEN TURNED ON TO THIS RHETORICAL DEVICE AT THIS POINT? "There [in the vice presidential debates] was the fox terrier Dan Quayle, also over-programmed and over-rehearsed with quips and japes, like *Bob Hope* on acid."—syndicated columnist Liz Smith, Oct. 16, 1992

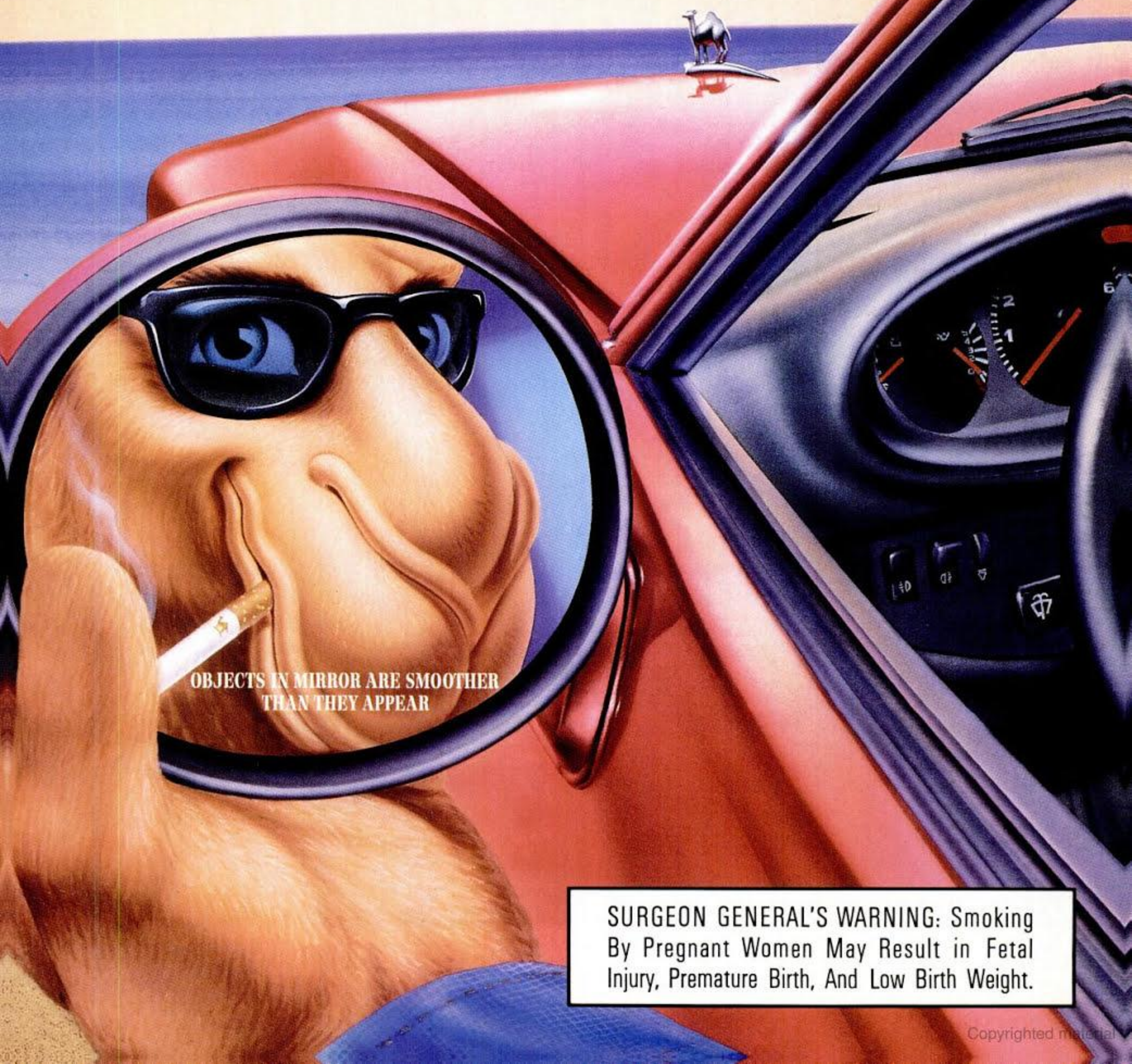


11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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CAMEL

LIGHTS



OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE SMOOTHER
THAN THEY APPEAR

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Copyrighted material

Models cannot be seen revealing their anuses at any time.

In a masturbatory-type pose, facial expressions cannot be ecstatic, and the tongue cannot be out....

DO'S

Whenever possible, use models with a Nordic look (blondes, Scandinavian types). (They're not interested in darker, exotic types.)

Whenever possible, use outdoor sets. (This affords them more leeway: If they're accused of having a model appear too ecstatic, they can claim that she's loving the sun, or nature; that she's not "orgasmic.")



The Frontiers of Etiquette, Part III

Pity the poor executives of network television. While movies and cable and even Howard Stern radio shows are chockablock with profanity, broadcast TV must remain a sanctuary of enforced innocence, deprived of the vulgarities available to its rival media. We recently received a letter written by an executive at Carolco Television specifying what words that appear in its movies must be deleted or substituted ▶

March Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 Deadline for entries for the Institute of Food Technologists's Awards for Outstanding Writing. Articles must be "related to food, food processing or nutrition" and—the guideline that guards against entries from Abe Rosenthal—written "in a clear and understandable manner."

2 Gorbachev turns 62. Irrelevant on

the world stage, he phones the Howard Stern show and



talks about Raisa's cup size.

3 *Singles* is released on video. Expect more tiresome op-ed pieces on the twenty-something generation.

4 Apparently attempting to overcome its reputation as a provincial cultural wasteland, Cleveland holds the world's largest performance-art festival. Construction of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame is delayed even further as citizens flee the city for the duration of the month-long festival.

9 Emmanuel Lewis, TV's Webster—and the only former child

star in America who hasn't been convicted of a serious crime—turns 22.

13 The 55th anniversary of Clarence Darrow's death is commemorated with the annual tossing of a wreath from the Clarence Darrow Bridge in Chicago. In Boston, law buffs look for a suitable bridge from which to toss latter-day Darrow Alan Dershowitz.

13 L. Ron Hubbard would have been 82, *had he lived*. Editors of satirical monthlies



throw caution to the wind and disrespectfully mention the zany Dianetician, heed-

less of the barrage of crazed letters and calls that such mentions inevitably draw.

19 At the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, pianist Leon Fleisher performs the city's first-ever solo recital consisting entirely of music for the left hand. **29** Oscar Night. The black-tie and X-cap dress code symbolizes support for director Spike Lee—as well as the wishes of the mostly white, rich guests to make their way safely to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion through largely underclass downtown L.A.

29 Karen Ann Quinlan's birthday. Quinlan went into an irreversible coma in April 1975. Her parents won the right to remove her from a respirator in 1976, yet she survived without assistance. Quinlan now writes a column for *The New York Times*. ☽

A Cretin Writes...

Finding the right word can be a demanding task. It is, however, something that we take very seriously here at *The New Yorker*. If you teach and would like to expose your students to some of the very best contemporary writing, why not consider using *The New Yorker* in your classroom?

We have an education program for teachers who want to share the magazines with their students. For information about bulk subscription rates and for materials to help you use *The New Yorker* with your students, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
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20 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10018

▲ advertisement bound into *The New Yorker*, published three weeks after William Shawn's death last December

BRIDGET FONDA

THE GOVERNMENT GAVE HER A CHOICE.

DEATH.

OR LIFE AS AN ASSASSIN.

NOW, THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.

POINT OF NO RETURN

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

AN ART LINSON PRODUCTION A JOHN BADHAM FILM

BRIDGET FONDA "POINT OF NO RETURN" GABRIEL BYRNE

DERMOT MULRONEY WITH ANNE BANCROFT AND HARVEY KEITEL

CO-PRODUCER JAMES HERBERT MUSIC BY HANS ZIMMER

FILM EDITED BY FRANK MORRISS PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY PHILIP HARRISON

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MICHAEL WATKINS, A.S.C. BASED ON LUC BESSON'S "NIKITA"

SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT GETCHELL AND ALEXANDRA SEROS

PRODUCED BY ART LINSON DIRECTED BY JOHN BADHAM



OPENS MARCH 19TH EVERYWHERE.

for on television:

"The language that must be removed is as follows: Fuck you, fucker, mother fucker, mo-fo, etc.; shit, bull shit, dipshit; asshole, goddamn; son of a bitch; Jesus, Jesus Christ, Christ; tit; balls; lay/laid; prick; cocksucker; cunt; pussy; dick, dickwad; beat off; blow job; come; suck; eat me; pissing; piss off (bug off would be more appropriate); screw should be deleted if its meaning is that of intercourse; douchebag....

"Please note that the following substitutes are acceptable:

"1. Freakin' or freaking. (ABC and CBS do not like frickin and friggin. Also do not use funkin.) Please be certain that freakin sounds like freakin....

"6. 'Ass' alone is a word that if you have 3 or 4 in a picture, it is okay, as long as it is not gratuitous....

"Further, I am certain I have heard Becky on Roseanne say "bitch," Fred Savage in a network Christmas movie...say 'It sucks,' and heard 'son of a bitch' on *Golden Girls*....I also heard 'dickhead' in a Fox movie...and 'Honey, I'm horny' on *Married with Children*....

"I would also avoid words like 'shmuck' and 'putz' because their true meaning would not be acceptable in English. I have heard Murphy Brown say the latter, but a word like that is key to the character....Schmuck is more acceptable than putz." ☾



Madonna, 1978

Bursar Don't Preach **Maybe Allan Bloom** and E. D. Hirsch Have a Point After All

Madonna Ciccone, before she abandoned the surname, attended the University of Michigan for two years. The good news: She had an A- average. The bad news: She was exposed to something less than the full breadth of Western civilization. Published below for the first time anywhere is her official transcript.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC				THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN ANN ARBOR				ACADEMIC RECORD OF CICCONI MADONNA LOUISE			
IN Jan 3 1977				DEGREE AND CERTIFICATE				(NAME: LAST, FIRST, MIDDLE) (PREVIOUS NAME)			
ADMITTED TO				FROM				(HOME ADDRESS)			
TRANSFERRED TO				IN				(CITY, STATE, ZIP CODE)			
TRANSFERRED TO				IN				BIRTHDATE: 08-16-58			
A-EXCELLENT, 4 Pts. B-VERY GOOD, 3 Pts. C-GOOD, 2 Pts. D-FAIR, 1 Pt. E-POOR, 0 Pts. F-FAIL, 0 Pts. G-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. H-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. I-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. J-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. K-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. L-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. M-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. N-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. O-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. P-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Q-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. R-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. S-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. T-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. U-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. V-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. W-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. X-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Y-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Z-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts.				A-EXCELLENT, 4 Pts. B-VERY GOOD, 3 Pts. C-GOOD, 2 Pts. D-FAIR, 1 Pt. E-POOR, 0 Pts. F-FAIL, 0 Pts. G-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. H-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. I-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. J-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. K-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. L-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. M-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. N-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. O-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. P-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Q-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. R-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. S-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. T-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. U-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. V-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. W-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. X-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Y-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Z-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts.				A-EXCELLENT, 4 Pts. B-VERY GOOD, 3 Pts. C-GOOD, 2 Pts. D-FAIR, 1 Pt. E-POOR, 0 Pts. F-FAIL, 0 Pts. G-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. H-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. I-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. J-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. K-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. L-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. M-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. N-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. O-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. P-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Q-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. R-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. S-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. T-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. U-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. V-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. W-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. X-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Y-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts. Z-UNOFFICIAL, 0 Pts.			
CICCONI MADONNA LOUISE				WINTER 77				DANCE 431 PERF TECH BALLET			
ENGL 107 COMP-SHAKEPEARE				DANCE 211 PRIN MOD DANCE				DANCE 435 LABANOTATION			
DANCE 211 PRIN MOD DANCE				DANCE 262 DNC COMPOSITN II				DANCE 451 UNIV DANCERS			
DANCE 231 PRINCIPAL-BALLET				DANCE 301 MODERN DANCE III				WITHDREW '3-14-79			
DANCE 251 JAZZ DANCE				DANCE 321 BALLET III				MSH '45 CTP 44 MHP 165			
DANCE 321 BALLET III				DANCE 336 DNC PRODUCTN LAB							
DANCE 335 DANCE PRODUCTION				DANCE 345 DANCE REPERTORY							
DANCE 341 AFR-AMER DANC II				DANCE 431 PERF TECH BALLET							
MSH 14 CTP 14 MHP 47				DANCE 451 UNIV DANCERS							
				DANCE 471 DIRECT IND STUDY							
				MSH 43 CTP 42 MHP 157							
				SPRING 78							
				DANCE 345 DANCE REPERTORY							
				MSH 45 CTP 44 MHP 165							
				FALL 78							
				HIST ART 102 REN TO MOD							
				DANCE 211 PRIN MOD DANCE							
				DANCE 301 MODERN DANCE III							
				DANCE 321 BALLET III							
				DANCE 336 DNC PRODUCTN LAB							
				DANCE 345 DANCE REPERTORY							
				DANCE 361 DNC COMPOSIT III							

Celebrity Math Chapter 2



Dracula



Mr. Peepers



Hedda Hopper



Mar Ray



Andy Warhol



Diana Vreeland

Larry "Bud" Melman + Flannery O'Connor - the Holy Spirit = Truman Capote

Cher + Lon Chaney Jr. = Barbara Cartland

Madonna - Marilyn Monroe = Mike Todd

Salman Rushdie + a gorilla = Bigfoot

Tip O'Neill + Ernest Hemingway - Jack Palance = Santa Claus

—Mark O'Donnell

Ask Camille Paglia

Advice for the Lovelorn,

Among Others

Dear Camille: I'm a 60-year-old man who has been married five times. I'm currently courting a 53-year-old Catholic medical missionary nun. How do I ask her to give up her vows and marry me?

Amorous in Sarasota

Dear Amorous: Hot dang! Violate them taboos, baby! You're Perseus rescuing Andromeda from the toils of that old devil Church. You may need a can opener, but it's worth a tumble.

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a biochemist who must keep up by attending lectures that contain fast-breaking data. The leader in our field shows nude slides of his girlfriends during his lectures and provides copies to men who request them. Women have walked out of his lectures, protested to the hosts, thrown things at the screen, to no avail. What does this man gain from our discomfort? What should we do?

Stumped in Toledo

Dear Stumped: Unfortunately, I enjoy nude pictures in any context. A biochemical porn show has Broadway possibilities. But the guy sounds like an unprofessional klutz with a microchip wee-wee. Try scorn and satire. They work for me.

* * *

Dear Camille: If you were really born in 1947, why do you look as though you were born in 1937 or even 1927? I want to avoid whatever you did to get those deep, saggy lines!

Bilious in Maryland

Dear Bilious: Listen, pinhead, I'm a short, fast-talking comedienne with dimples who imitates Keith Richards to avoid looking like Sally Field. Get lost! Haggard is hip.



Dear Camille: Women I hardly know come up to me all the time and give me that deep, knowing, womanly look. I feel these women have a terrible power over me. Should I just screw them? Does it matter that they're my students?

Baffled on Long Island

Dear Baffled: The gals (white and middle-class, right?) are battin' their eyes at Big Daddy. You've discovered the truth: Sexual harassment is a hot-tar, two-way street. Wait till they graduate, then dive right in.

* * *

Dear Camille: I used to think Rousseau was the stupidest asshole in the history of philosophy. Now that I'm getting on in years, I wonder if I would have found assholes of greater magnitude if I'd pursued that subject further. Who is *el sphinctero grande* of all time?

Curious in San Francisco

Dear Curious: Michel Foucault, naturellement!

* * *

Dear Camille: I know that consumerism is the modern pagan religion and that the media is the altar upon which we offer up flesh sacrifices. I do enjoy watching the succession of heroes and heroines

devoured by television. But I have lingering feelings of guilt, as if I am worshipping Satan. Yes, sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night shouting, "Consumerism is the Beast 666!" How can I loosen up, become more modern and enjoy life?

Anguished in Oregon

Dear Anguished: I prescribe a daily dose of my favorite soap, The Young and the Restless. What metaphysical anxiety could survive the soothing presence of plucky Nikki, trampy Jill and teen queen Christine? Television is our Circe, and she's a date rapist. Just lay back, relax and spread your sense organs.

* * *

Dear Camille: The first time we met, the electricity was unbelievable. I'm married and white; he's black and ten years younger. He's also my boss. After two years of flirting, we became lovers. We have nothing in common but work and sex. Our Baptist-Cracker conservative company doesn't condone intraoffice or interracial dating. I can't stop thinking about him. I'm a headstrong, independent, take-charge woman. So why can't I handle this relationship? Why am I so irrational?

Reeling in Fort Lauderdale

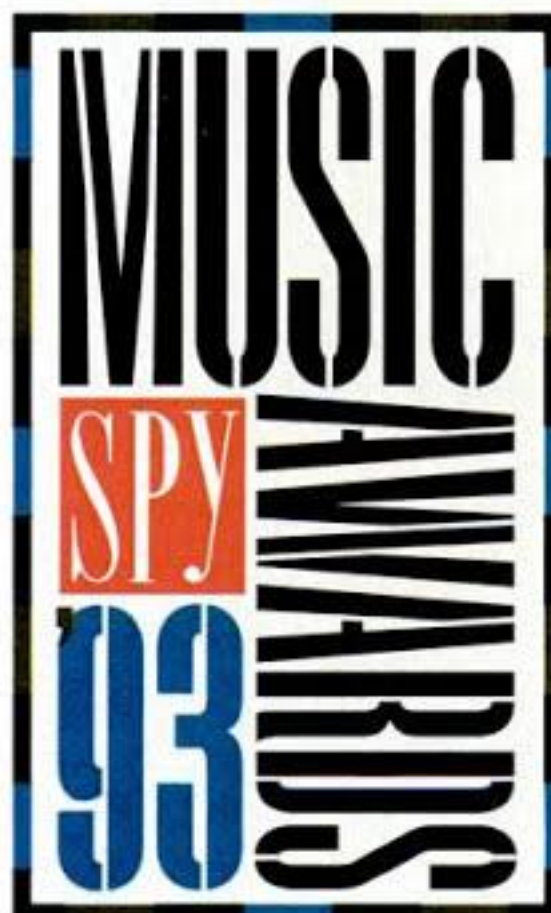
Dear Reeling: Sex is the biggest electric company of them all. It shocks, short-circuits, overloads and generally fries the brains. When the wires go underground, they raise their own voltage. It's like snake-handling: Keep at it till the chills outnumber the thrills.

Actual responses from Camille Paglia can be obtained by writing actual letters about actual problems to Ask Camille Paglia, SPY, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. All letters become the property of SPY. ☺



As David St. Hubbins observed in *This Is Spinal Tap*, the difference between idiocy and brilliance is often merely a matter of degrees. It's also, of course, highly subjective. With this in mind, we invite you to cast your votes for the second annual SPY Music Awards.

We created the SPY Music Awards to honor recording acts that are, in the words of our motto, smart, funny and fearless. Their sense of humor can be subtle or outlandish, musical or lyrical, a



matter of substance or of style.

Nirvana was the big winner last year, sweeping the Best New Artist, Best Album and Best Single categories. Elvis Costello won for Best Singer-Songwriter, De La Soul for Best Rap Act, and Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers' "Into the Great Wide Open" for Best Video. Upon hearing that he'd received a Warped Record for Lifetime Achievement, Frank Zappa said, "I'd rather have that than a Grammy!"

BEST SINGER-SONGWRITER

- A. David Byrne
Uh-Oh
(Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.)
- B. Neneh Cherry
Homebrew (Virgin)
- C. Leonard Cohen
The Future (Columbia)
- D. Lyle Lovett
Joshua Judges Ruth (MCA)
- E. Morrissey
Your Arsenal (Sire/Reprise)
- F. Graham Parker
Burning Questions (Capitol)

- G. Jonathan Richman
I, Jonathan (Rounder)
- H. Tom Waits
Bone Machine (Island)

BEST ROCK BAND

- A. Cracker
Cracker (Virgin)
- B. King Missile
Happy Hour (Atlantic)
- C. Sonic Youth
Dirty (Geffen)
- D. Television
Television (Capitol)

- E. They Might Be Giants
Apollo 18 (Elektra)

- F. Too Much Joy
Mutiny (Giant)
- G. Ween
Pure Guava (Elektra)
- H. XTC
Nonsuch (Geffen)

BEST RAP ACT

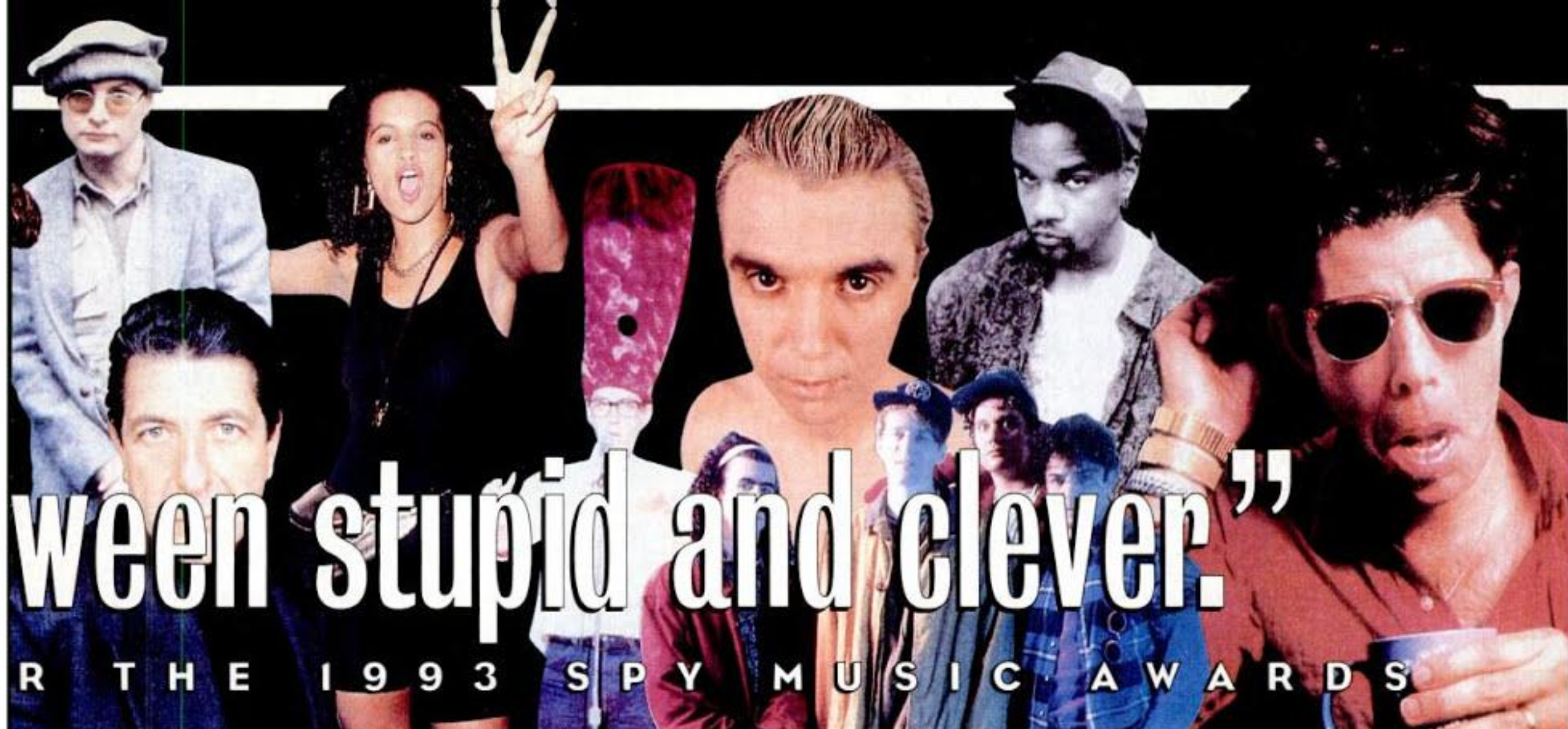
- A. Arrested Development
3 Years, 5 Months, and 2 Days in the Life of...
(Chrysalis/ERG)
- B. Basehead
Play With Toys (Imago)

- C. Beastie Boys
Check Your Head (Capitol)

- D. Das EFX
Dead Serious
(Atco/EastWest/AG)
- E. Grand Puba
Reel to Reel (Elektra)
- F. House of Pain
House of Pain (Tommy Boy)
- G. MC Serch
Return of the Product
(Def Jam/RAL/Chaos)
- H. Sir Mix-A-Lot
Mack Daddy (Def American)

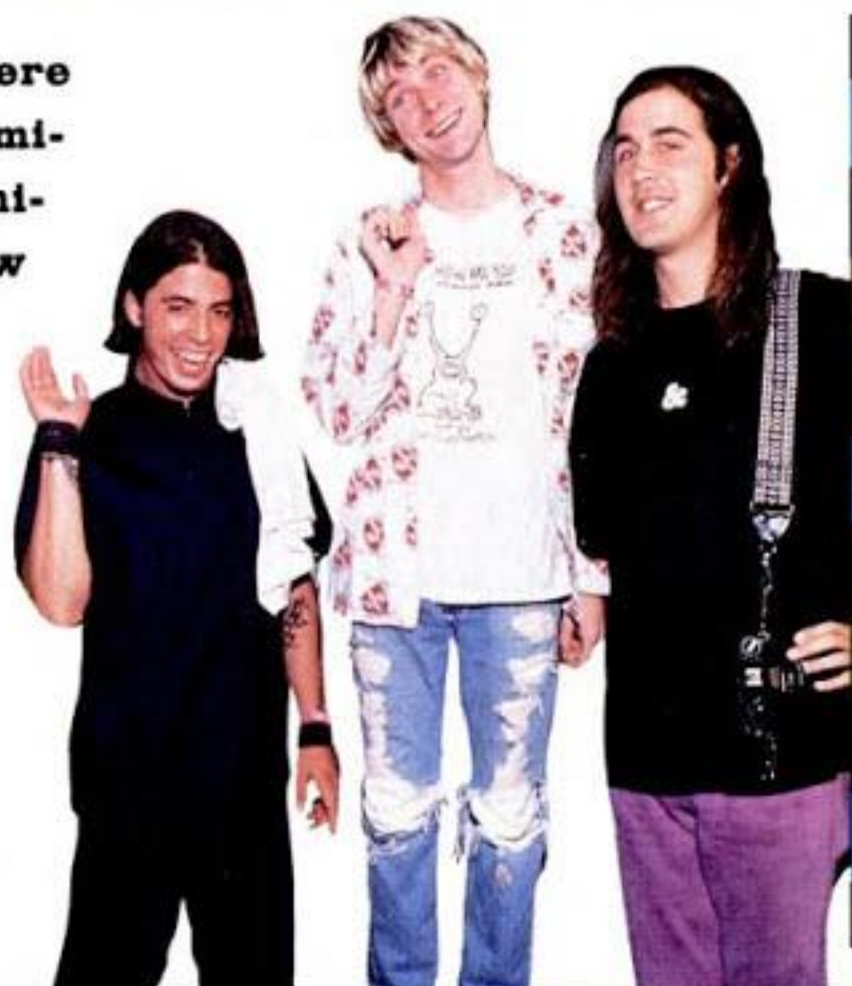
BEST NEW ARTIST

- A. Arrested Development
3 Years, 5 Months, and 2 Days in the Life of...
(Chrysalis/ERG)
- B. Dan Baird
Love Songs for the Hearing Impaired
(Def American)
- C. Barenaked Ladies
Gordon (Sire/Reprise)
- D. Black 47
Black 47 (SBK/BLK)
- E. Cracker
Cracker (Virgin)



This year's contenders were culled from lists of artists nominated by their labels. All nominees had to have released new material in 1992 to be eligible. To vote for your favorites, fill out the attached ballot and mail it back to us by April 1. When you do, you'll also be entered into a sweepstakes to win a variety of prizes.

Right: Last year's champs, Nirvana, upon receiving the Warped Record Award



Send in your ballot today for a chance to win these **fabulous prizes:**

GRAND PRIZE

A complete set of every nominated act's most recent album on compact disc

FIVE FIRST PRIZES

A limited-edition SPY baseball cap (very hip-hop)

TEN SECOND PRIZES

A limited-edition SPY Music Awards T-shirt (wear it underneath your favorite Bobby Brady-style shirt like Kurt Cobain)

TWENTY THIRD PRIZES

A pair of limited-edition SPY sunglasses (so you can pretend you're Bill Clinton waiting on the sax on *Arsenio*)

F. Das EFX

Dead Serious
(Atco/EastWest/AG)

G. The Pharcyde

Bizarre Ride II the Pharcyde
(Delicious Vinyl/Atlantic)

H. The Pooh Sticks

Great White Wonder (Zoo)

BEST ALBUM

A. Basehead

Play With Toys (Imago)

B. Beastie Boys

Check Your Head (Capitol)

C. Cracker

Cracker (Virgin)

D. Jonathan Richman

I, Jonathan (Rouner)

E. Sonic Youth

Dirty (Geffen)

F. Television

Television (Capitol)

G. They Might Be Giants

Apollo 18 (Elektra)

H. Tom Waits

Bone Machine (Island)

BEST SINGLE

A. The B-52's

"Good Stuff" (Reprise)

B. Beastie Boys

"So What'cha Want" (Capitol)

C. Cracker

"Teen Angst (What the World Needs Now)"
(Virgin)

D. Dada

"Dizz Knee Land" (I.R.S.)

E. King Missile

"Detachable Penis" (Atlantic)

F. Sir Mix-A-Lot

"Baby Got Back"
(Def American)

G. They Might Be Giants

"The Statue Got Me High"
(Elektra)

H. XTC

"The Ballad of Peter Pumpkinhead"
(Geffen)

BEST VIDEO

A. Body Count

"There Goes the Neighborhood"
(Warner Bros.)

B. David Byrne

"She's Mad"
(Luaka Bop/Warner Bros.)

C. Cracker

"Teen Angst (What the World Needs Now)"
(Virgin)

D. Nirvana

"In Bloom" (DGC)

E. Sir-Mix-A-Lot

"Baby Got Back"
(Def American)

F. Tom Waits

"I Don't Wanna Grow Up"
(Island)

G. XTC

"The Ballad of Peter Pumpkinhead"
(Geffen)

H. "Weird Al" Yankovic

"Smells Like Nirvana"
(Scotti Bros.)

Donald Trump Undead?

He Says He's Back. He Isn't.

The garlic. The crucifix. The stake through the heart. The holy water sprinkled on the soil from his native Queens that he must sleep in every night—evidently none of them have finished off Donald Trump. Perhaps more remarkable, the bankruptcies in the past two years of the Plaza Hotel and all of Trump's casinos have not finished him off, either. There he was on the cover of *New York* magazine last winter, along with the headline FIGHTING BACK: TRUMP SCRAMBLES OFF THE CANVAS; he has returned to the front page of *The New York Times* in stories about the development of the West Side Railyards, which he owns; he has lunched with the editor and publisher of *Vanity Fair* at The Four Seasons; he has appeared on the *Charlie Rose* show saying, "I've had a really great streak over the past year. Nineteen ninety-two could be one of the best years of my life"; and hardly a day passes when he is not pictured with a

model on the gossip pages of New York's tabloids. Most important, there is talk of Trump's borrowing more money from banks or selling new securities to the public: TRUMP'S BACK AND MAY BE BANK-ABLE, read a recent headline in the *Times* Business section. Before we celebrate Trump's resurrection, however, we should remember that we must treat everything connected with him extremely skeptically; the latest Trump blip is no different.

Let's take a simple statement made by Trump in the *New York* story: "I had \$5 billion in debt." This is very ironic. For years, Trump absurdly minimized the extent of his indebtedness, but now that he is trying to claim a heroic return he is *exaggerating* how much he once owed. In April 1990, during Trump's direst hour, his banks estimated his debt at \$3.4 billion. For Trump, apparently, climbing out of a hole only \$3.4 billion deep is not a good enough story. Back in 1990, though, he was saying something quite different—he touted himself as the "king of cash" in the spring of that year. Within months, the king of cash was forced into a series of bankruptcies.

Which brings us to another aspect of the Trump myth—his apparently still luxurious, top-quality lifestyle. Knowing that he still lives in the Trump Tower, still travels around in limos and takes helicopters, one has to wonder if he isn't doing nicely. But as David S. Hilzenrath and Michelle Singletary explain in a very fine article in *The Washington Post*, the reason even the clothes off Trump's back were not sold on the courthouse steps is that his creditors decided to keep

him going and living pretty well. Bankruptcy laws in the United States favor debtors so much now, the *Post* points out, and the bankruptcy courts, especially in the Northeast, are so overwhelmed, that Trump's

banks and bondholders concluded that full-blown bankruptcy proceedings would take six or seven years and would be extremely expensive. In order to convince Trump to agree to a quick "pre-packaged bankruptcy," they resigned themselves to giving him major concessions. He is still paid a \$1.4 million annual management fee for the Trump Castle Casino & Hotel, for example, and the \$500 million in debt he personally guaranteed (\$980 million in Trump's

ever-inflated estimate) was reduced to \$155 million (that would be \$115 million in Donald-ese). But for the grace or cowardliness of his creditors, Trump would be living in a studio apartment in Bensonhurst. He may yet. His personal debts are due in 1997.

As part of those prepackaged bankruptcies, Trump gave up his yacht, the Trump airline, the Trump Regency hotel in Atlantic City, his condominium development in Palm Beach, Trump Parc Condos, Trump Palace, some Trump Tower units, his interest in the Grand Hyatt Hotel—his first and almost only successful venture—his large stock holdings in Alexander's, and 49 percent of his ownership of the Plaza, the Trump Castle Casino and the Trump Taj Mahal casino (on the *Charlie Rose* show, of course, Trump said he owned "up to 80 percent" of the Taj). Of these arrangements, Alan "Ace" Greenberg, the chairman of Bear Stearns and a longtime Trump promoter, has said, "[Trump] used to own 100 per-

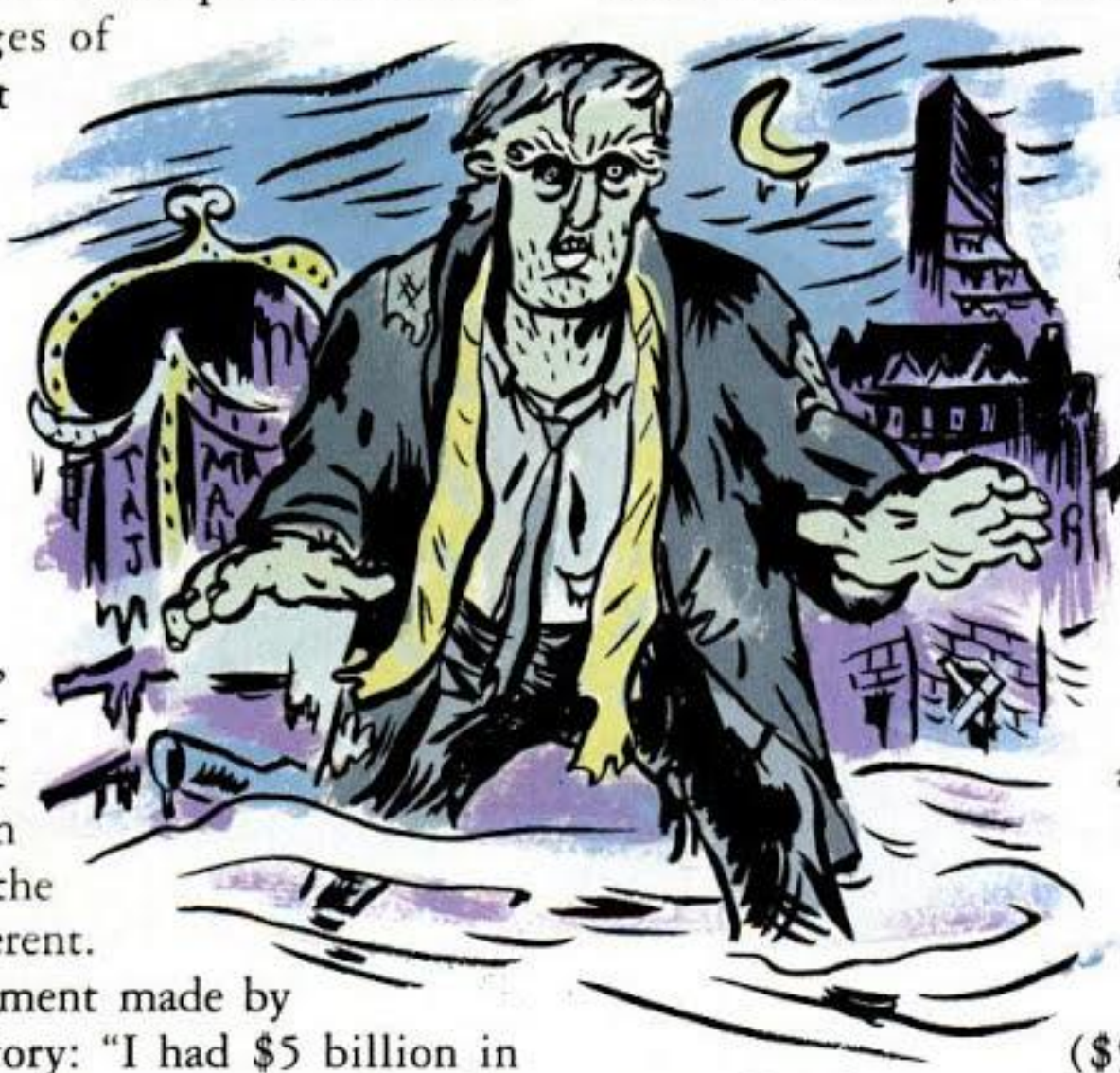


Illustration by Mark Marek

cent of something losing money. Now he owns 50 percent of something making a lot of money." Not exactly. Take the Taj Mahal, for example. Trump has claimed recently in *Newsday* that the Taj Mahal is "the biggest success in the history of gaming," and he went on to say that it is taking in \$40 million a month in revenues—a figure he has given since it first opened in April 1990. A review of documents filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission by the Taj Mahal reveals a bleak picture, however. As part of the casino's bankruptcy agreement in 1991, Taj Mahal bondholders accepted substantially lower interest payments. Despite these savings, for the first nine months of 1992—before the slow fourth quarter is even counted—the casino lost almost \$25 million.

If the casinos are not about to fuel a Trump renaissance, then what about the 56 acres on the Upper West Side, former railyards of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that he brags about so much? This property

has been in the news of late because the New York City Council recently granted approval for its possible development. Before giving its approval, though, the council insisted that Trump commit to improving the streets and subway stops in the area and building a railroad yard in the Bronx. All this should cost Trump \$340 million. Additionally, he owes Chase Manhattan at least \$220 million on the land.

One final distortion: An anonymous "very close personal friend" of Trump's—a "very close personal friend" who one suspects has short fingers and a surgically reduced scalp, and who pronounces Taj "Tadge"—told *New York* that Trump "bought out his 20 percent partner, Abe Hirschfeld, for almost nothing at the lowest point in the zoning process." Trump has not denied this alleged coup. SPY has learned, however, that no such transaction has been recorded. The minority interest is still owned by quasi-insane developer Abe Hirschfeld.

—John Connolly

It's a Wonderful Town!



Couple and child riding Brooklyn-bound subway with pet python.

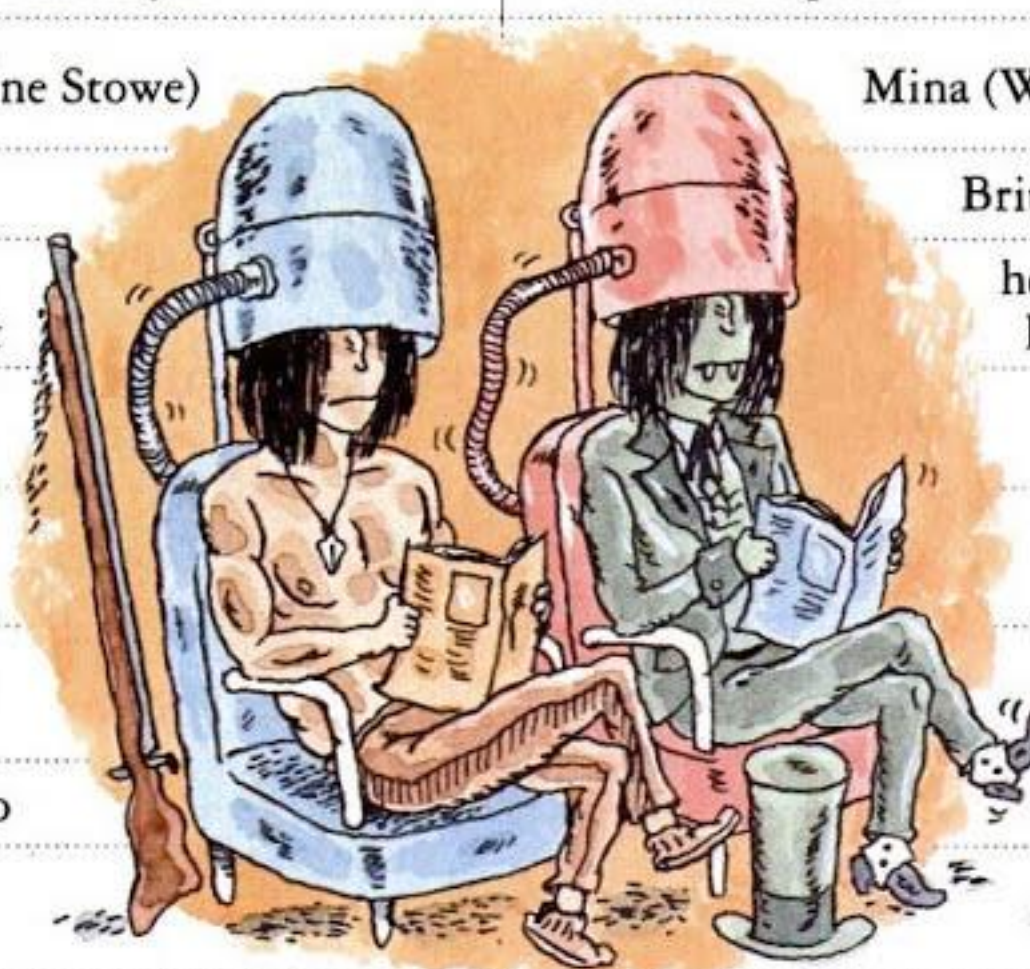
Photograph by Andrew Savulich

Dud Brothers

The Last of the Mohicans vs. Bram Stoker's Dracula:

How to Tell the Difference

DIFFERENTIALS	MOHICANS	DRACULA
Based on...	cloying 1826 potboiler	cloying 1897 potboiler
Hero With a Hippie Haircut	Hawkeye the Deerslayer	Vlad the Impaler
Doe-Eyed Heroine in Overstuffed Bustier	Cora (Madeleine Stowe)	Mina (Winona Ryder)
Heroine Betrothed to...	British stiff	British stiff
Heroine Falls for...	hero with a hippie haircut	hero with a hippie haircut
Halfhearted Occasional Subtitles	Algonquian	Romanian
Loved One With Heart Cut Out	Dad	Lucy
Night Assault on...	Fort William Henry	Castle Dracula
Wild Stagecoach Chase?	Amazingly, no	Amazingly, yes
Quasi-Religious Speech Before Eating...	an elk	a baby
Humane Act Performed for Dying Pal	Shot in head while being burned at stake	Skewered with huge knife, head hacked off
British Actor Gets Work as...	adopted Mohican Indian	undead Romanian count
Same Actor Played Gay London Hipster in...	<i>My Beautiful Laundrette</i>	<i>Prick Up Your Ears</i>
And Also Played Tormented Irish Brawler in...	<i>My Left Foot</i>	<i>State of Grace</i>
Greeting-Card-Like Sentiment Expressed by Hero to Heroine	"Stay alive, whatever occurs. I will find you."	"I have crossed oceans of time to find you."



—Chris Kelly

Illustration by Paul Corio

Separated at Birth?



Kathy Bates...



and Jeanne Moreau?



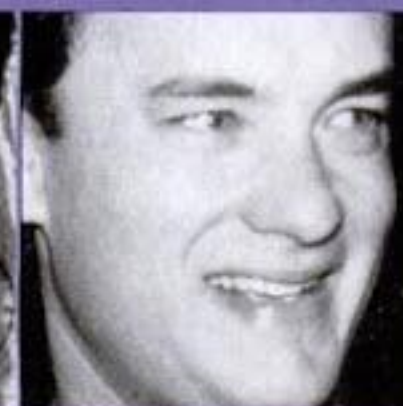
Admiral William Crowe Jr...



and Knute Rockne?



Juliette Lewis...

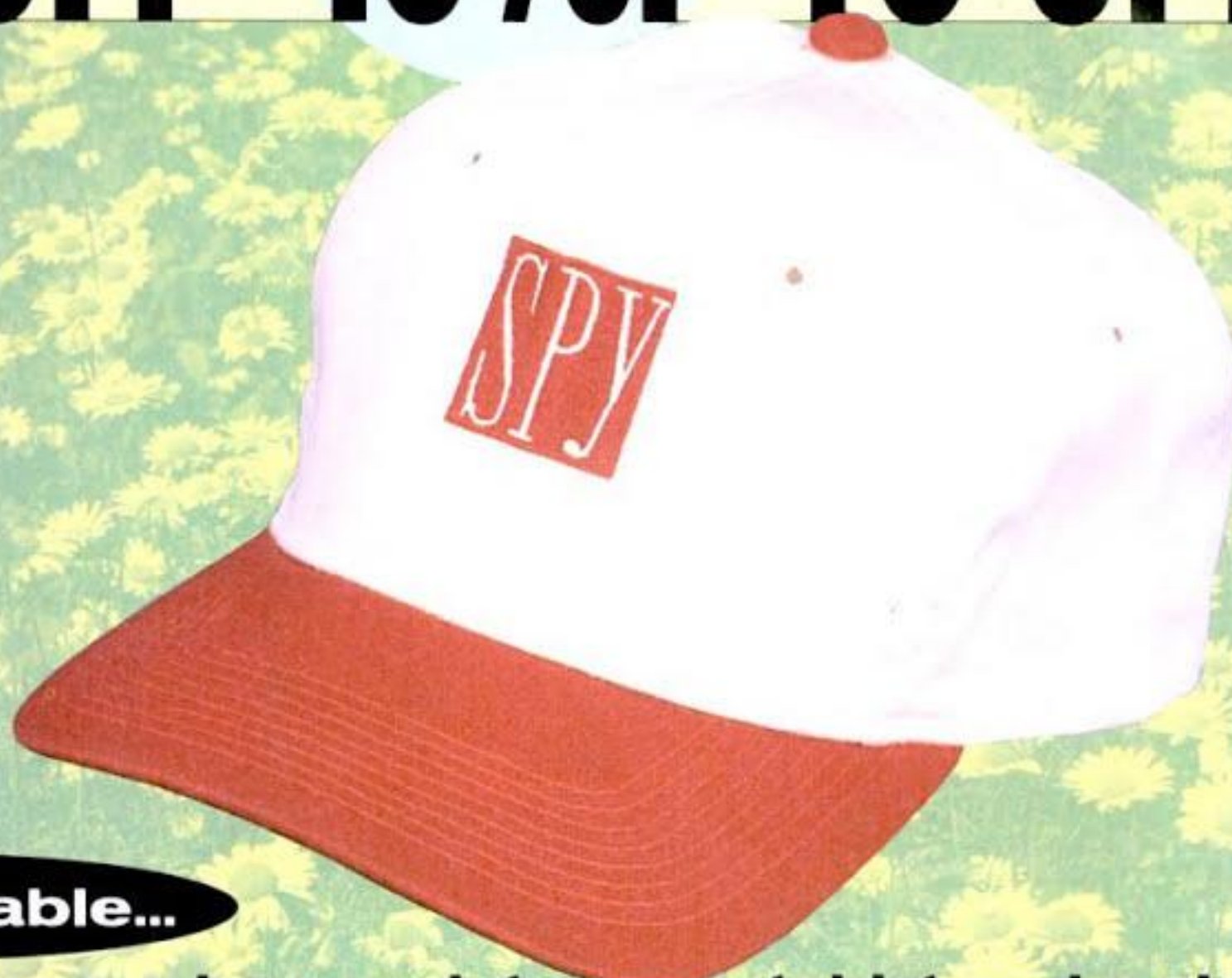


and Tom Hanks?

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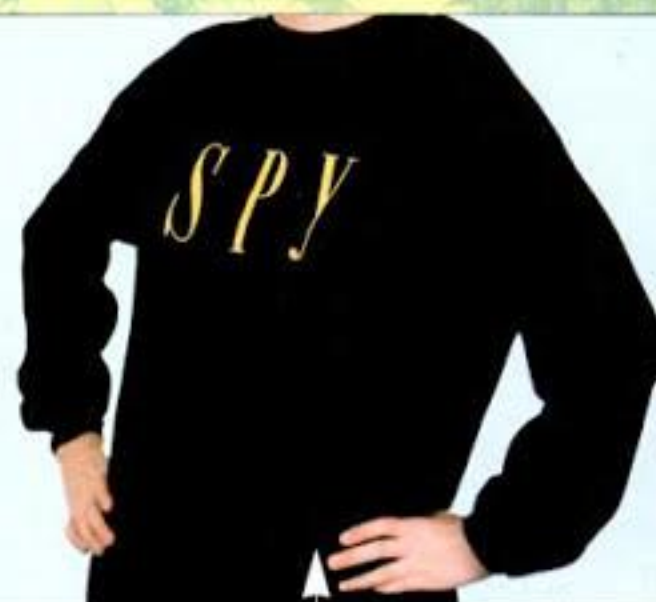
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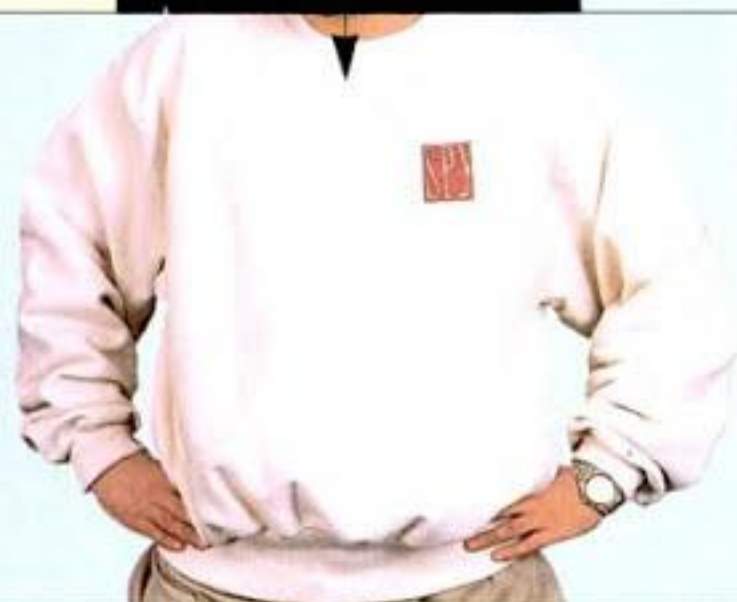


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	Long-Sleeve Beefy-T				
	Short-Sleeve Beefy-T				
	The Unbleached SPY Hat				
	Classic Black SPY Hat				
TOTAL AMT. ENCLOSED (plus \$2 postage & handling)					

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agency (UTA). If a pro-
the studio is indicated.
might technically have
the dread Hollywood
right list second- and
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parentheses.

David Greenblatt
TV co-head, ICM

Sue Mengers
frmr. film head, WMA

Jeremy Zimmer
partner, UTA

Bill Block
West Coast head, ICM

Sam Cohn
vice chair, ICM

Barry Hirsch
Armstrong & Hirsch

Jim Wiatt
pres., ICM

Ron Meyer
pres., CAA

Mike Ovitz
chairman, CAA

Rick Nicita
talent head, CAA

Marvin Josephson
frmr. chair, ICM

Freddi
pro

Marty Bauer
partner, UTA

William Morris Agency

Kirk K
frmr. owner



Jeff Berg
chairman, ICM

Alan Ladd Jr.
CEO, MGM

Martin Davis
chair, Par. Comm.

Rupert
chair, N

Dan Melnick
prod., TriStar

Frank Yablans
frmr. COO, MGM/UA

Barry Diller
frmr. chair, Fox Inc.



Sherry Lansing
chair, Par. Pics

Stanley Jaffe
chair, Par. Comm.

David Kirkpatrick
indie prod.

Sid Ganis
pres. mrkt., Col.

Bob Evans
prod., Par.

Alan Horn
pres., Castle Rock

Gary Lucchesi
indie prod.

Peter Chernin
chair, 20th Cent. Fox

The SPY Guide to Show Business Networks

We always suspected that everyone in Hollywood had worked for everyone else, and now we've proved it. Arrows pointing from mogul **A** to mogul **B** indicate that **A** has worked for **B**. (We have included some relationships that have been practically, if not officially, boss-subordinate.) The agent sector is tinted blue; the TV sector is tinted green; and the remainder is devoted to people who work for or have worked for movie studios. Abbreviations: William Morris (WMA), Creative Artists Agency (CAA), International

Creative Management (ICM), United Talent Agency (UTA). If a producer's career is quiescent, although he or she has some sort of deal somewhere, he or she is relegated to limbo known as *indie prod.* The modules to the left and third-rank executives below the power broker under whom he or she worked, with the patrons' past and present power bases in

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE: FRANK TANTILLO, STUART AND EMILY THORSON AND SELMA BLACKMAN

MIKE OVITZ (CAA)

Carol Bodie
agent, CAA
Ari Emanuel
agent, ICM
Judy Hofflund
agent, UTA
Kevin Huvane
agent, CAA

Bryan Lourd
agent, CAA
Jay Moloney
agent, CAA
Tom Strickler
agent, ICM
Paula Wagner
producer

ALAN LADD JR. (Fox, Ladd Co., MGM)

Ashley Boone
mrkt. pres., MGM
John Goldwyn
pres., Par. Pics
Jay Kanter
pres., MGM

David Ladd
VP, MGM
Karen Rosenfelt
sr. VP, Par. Pics
Gareth Wigan
consultant, Columbia

NED TANEN (Universal, Paramount)

Barry London
dist. pres., Par.
Thom Mount
producer

David Nicksay
producer
Teddy Zee
VP, Columbia

BARRY DILLER (ABC, Paramount, Fox)

Garth Ancier
TV producer
Bob Boyett
TV producer
Steve Chao
frmr. news pres., Fox
Bob Cort
producer
Richard Frank
pres., Disney Studios
Elizabeth Gabler
VP, 20th Cent. Fox
Leonard Goldberg
producer

Mel Harris
TV pres., Sony Pics Ent.
Jamie Kellner
frmr. CEO, Fox Broadcast.
Michael Levy
producer
David Madden
producer
Larry Mark
producer
David Picker
producer
Tom Sherak
VP mrkt., 20th C. Fox

Guy McElwaine
vice chair, ICM

Ed Limato
VP, ICM

J. J. Harris
partner, UTA

Arnold Rifkin
film head, WMA

Rosalie Swedlin
prod., Univ.

Jerry Weintraub
indie prod.

Ray Stark
producer

Paula Weinstein
prod., Warner Bros.

Michael Nathanson
pres., Columbia

Ned Tanen
indie prod.

Don Simpson
prod., Disney

Frank Mancuso
frmr. chair, Par.

Peter Bart
editor, Variety

It's a Relation

HOW EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD HAS WORK

BARRY DILLER, A MAN who has had more daily working relationships with more important Hollywood people than anyone else now living, says the cliché isn't true. "The whole theory that this is a business of relationships," he scoffed in January in a PBS interview. "It really isn't."

But it really is, and Hollywood, despite what Diller says, is proud of that—proud that after the schmoozing and the litigations are all over, the bedrock of the community is still its relationships.

Relationships like the one between Eddie Murphy and director John Landis. When Landis was on trial for manslaughter in connection with the death of actor Vic Morrow, Murphy, whom Landis had directed in *Trading Places*, refused to show up at the courthouse. Landis (who was acquitted) beefed; they argued. Murphy later said that he was likelier to work with Morrow than with Landis again.

But the years pass, and Murphy's career declines. Landis starts looking pretty good. Murphy asks his pal Joel Silver to talk to John, and next thing you know Landis is directing and Murphy is starring in *Beverly Hills Cop 3*. It's the relationships that count.



Like the relationship between attorney Barry Hirsch and Disney president Jeffrey Katzenberg, which at one point was so acrimonious that Hirsch was banned from the Burbank lot. But the years pass, and pretty soon it's Barry Hirsch negotiating with Jeffrey Katzenberg to bring Joe Roth into Disney as a superproducer. Never mind that Roth didn't hire attorney Peter Dekom, a friend and confidant for years. It's the relationships, the *current* relationships, that count.

Michael Ovitz may have told screenwriter and former client

Joe Eszterhas that if Eszterhas left CAA, Ovitz's foot soldiers would hunt him down and blow his brains out (professionally speaking, of course). But

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER KUPER

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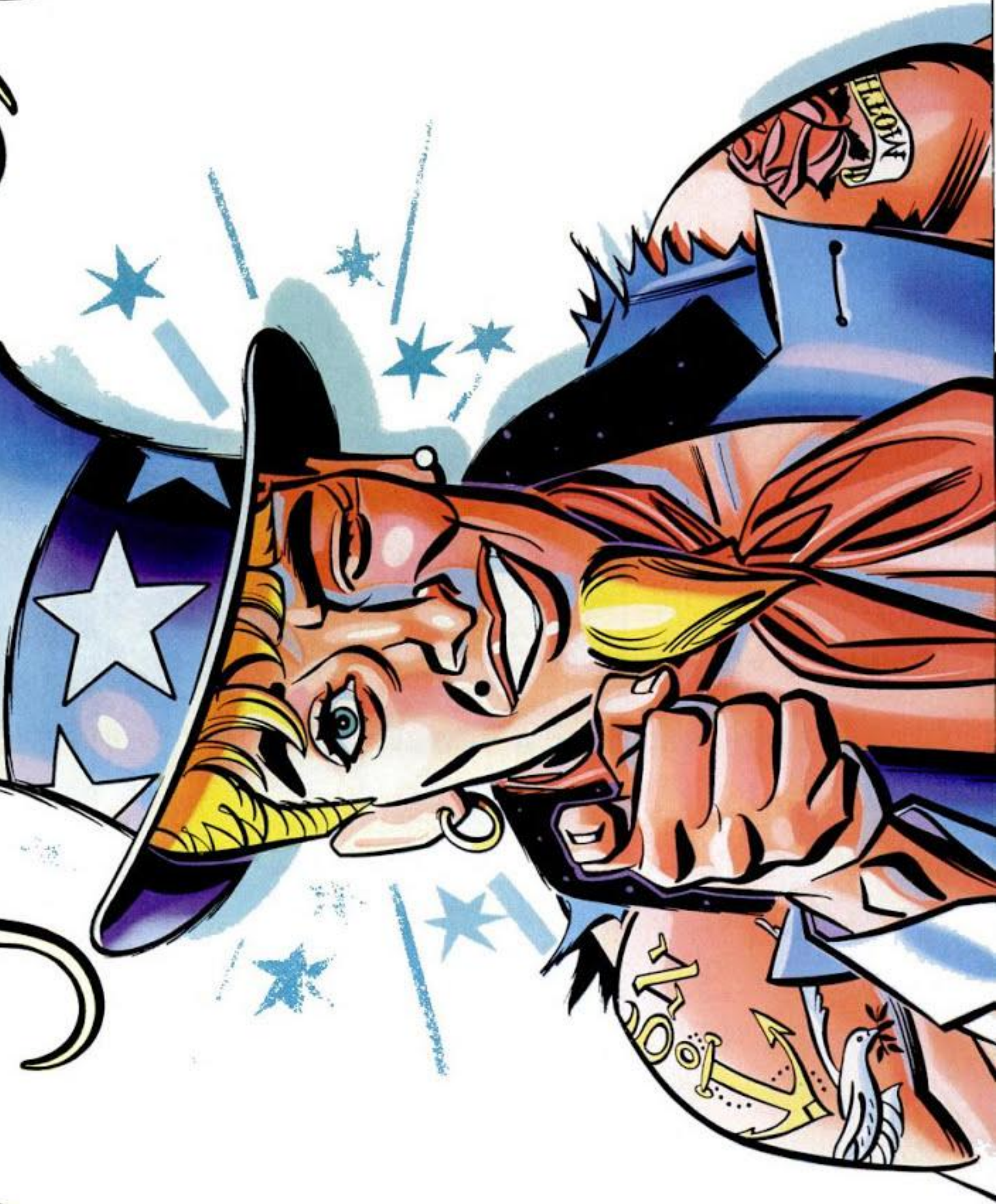
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10
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Hey, Sailor!





I WANT YOU FOR U.S. NAVY

IS THE U.S. NAVY THE MOST HOMOPHOBIC ORGANIZATION SINCE THE NAZIS? OR JUST A BUNCH OF HETEROSEXUAL GUYS WHO LIKE TO DRESS UP IN WOMEN'S CLOTHING, FONDLE ONE ANOTHER'S BUTTOCKS AND RELIEVE SEXUAL TENSION MANO A MANO? DOES IT HAVE TO BE ONE OR THE OTHER? AND DOES BILL CLINTON KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS? **BY LARRY DOYLE**

ADMIRAL THOMAS H. MOORER TALKS STRAIGHT. "MR. CLINTON IS making a big mistake," the former chief of Naval Operations told SPY, "as he will damn well find out." Moorer *says* what the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff *means* when he says allowing gays in the military has "significant issues of privacy associated with it." "Soldiers and sailors," Moorer drawls, "don't like to take showers with those who like to take showers with soldiers and sailors." Moorer won't pussyfoot, as General Colin Powell does, around how lifting the ban would be "prejudicial to good order and disci-

"TEN GUYS ALL WENT OUT NIPPLES PIERCED. AND THESE

pline." "I guarantee you one thing," he declares, sounding disconcertingly like the cartoon rooster Foghorn Leghorn. "There will be efforts on the part of the homosexuals to seduce these young boys."

"They do [it] all the time," the admiral elaborates. "Hell, they've got their telephone number stuck in every washroom in every airport in the United States, begging somebody to come and have sordid sex with them, and that kind of life-style simply does not fit."

Certainly not in this man's Navy. Moorer's remarks are based on 45 years of experience, and while more colorful in a Jesse Helms sort of way, they reflect what has been the official Pentagon line: "The close and intimate conditions aboard ship, the necessity of the highest possible degree of unity and esprit-de-corps, the requirement of morale—all these demand that nothing be done that may adversely affect the situation. Past experience has shown irrefutably that the enlistment of Negroes (other than as mess attendants)"—well, actually, that's from a 1941 Navy memo on a somewhat different matter, but the argument against gays is essentially the same (except that, as Moorer points out, today's soldiers and sailors "won't like to eat the food prepared by the homosexuals, I guarantee you"). Also, it should be noted that behind the dry Pentagon policy statements lurk hundreds of thousands of heterosexual military personnel with dark, deep-seated feelings on the matter. Shortly after Clinton confirmed his intention to permit openly homosexual people to serve in the armed forces, representatives from nearly every major military and veterans' group met in Washington and agreed that as far as gays in the military go, *no, sir, we don't like it*. Senator Sam Nunn, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, is on record as saying that while he has nothing against gays-not-in-my-direct-employ per se, "if you did it overnight, I fear for the lives of people in the military themselves." And farther down the chain of command, one unidentified officer perfectly captured the current esprit de corps: "If Clinton," he said, "walks on this base, he's dead."

Obviously, President Clinton is going to need more than a "consultative process" to overcome this level of opposition. Military types can't be stunned into submission with numbing detail like normal folk can; to turn the military around, Clinton will need to *acknowledge* their feelings, *validate* them, *enable* them to move *beyond* those feelings. Fortunately, this kind of thing is right up Clinton's alley.

Clinton could invite Moorer to the Oval Office and ask him, as we did, *Tell me, Admiral, what are you so afraid of?* Moorer would tell his president, as he told

us, that aside from a certain "curse, a plague" that gays are spreading willy-nilly, the issue he is especially concerned about, enough to bring it up three times in a single short conversation, is that "you see them kissing all the time—are they going to take each other to the officers' club and dance, together, two men? I mean, this whole life-style would disrupt what the military's all about." Moorer would add that he, like the Pentagon, fears that gay military infiltration would "debilitate, to a significant degree, the combat-readiness of the forces."

"It'd be like the European military," he says. "I've been over there and looked at them, and they're running around with earrings and their hair down to their waists, and every time they get into trouble, they want the United States to run and help them."

From there, it's not too difficult to imagine a worst-case scenario, the nightmare that wakes Moorer and his compatriots in the middle of the night, all sweaty and frightened: sailors prancing around with pierced nipples, grabbing one another's asses, singing their little homosexual songs, performing transvestite sado-masochistic rites, Crisco everywhere....

In other words, pretty much like the U.S. Navy is today, and has been since at least World War II, according to dozens of former and current sailors interviewed by SPY. The only thing that will change if the military's policy is overturned, it seems, is that gay sailors will be allowed to participate in all the fun openly, as long as they don't mind being beaten or killed.

A YOUNG SAILOR BOARDING A U.S. NAVY vessel today—or anytime in the past 50 years—might be forgiven for believing he had wandered into a giant floating gay club done up with a nautical theme, what with the unending stream of double entendres, frequent exclamations of how nice his butt is, the nonstop jokes and songs that invariably involve getting fucked up the ass. Only the double entendres aren't clever, the songs aren't danceable, and the butt oglers are just as likely to beat the hell out of as have sex with the objects of their attention.

"It's very pervasive throughout the military, in the Navy especially, that homosexual innuendo is nearly a constant," says Petty Officer First Class Keith Meinhold. Meinhold, who became a centerpiece in the gay-ban controversy last May when he was discharged by the Navy after outing himself on ABC's *World News Tonight* (only to be reinstated by a federal judge), finds the zeal with which he was prosecuted curious, given that "in my experience, the people who are making all

ONE NIGHT AND GOT THEIR WERE HETEROSEXUAL GUYS."

these innuendos are the straight guys."

And many of them are officers. "The basic interaction between all officers and all sailors is officers screaming at sailors, telling them what to do," says Copy Berg, a gay Vietnam-era Naval Academy graduate who was thrown out in 1975. "And the terminology is all homoerotic. When you stand in line for anything, they'll tell you to close up the line by saying, 'Nuts to butts, nuts to butts.' That and 'Don't drop your soap.' They scream that at you as you're going into the shower en masse. It's constant, it never stops, that kind of sexual reference."

One particularly favored naval phrase, Berg and others say, is *your turn in the barrel*. Used to inform a sailor he has to do an unpleasant task, it's also the punch line to the joke about the naive sailor who discovers that the pleasures of a knotholed barrel do not come without a price. Another fun Navy jest involves asking uninitiated sailors if they want to see the "golden spike" in the bilge of the ship. As one WWII vet recalls the prank, "You would take somebody down there and show them where the golden rivet was. And they'd have to bend over in order to find it."

It's possible to read too much into all this, of course. It's probably just a coincidence that the toilet aboard a ship is called a *head*, and there are certainly unrelated reasons why the chief petty officer's quarters are known as the *glory hole*. But that doesn't explain the pubic shaving and the nipple rings.

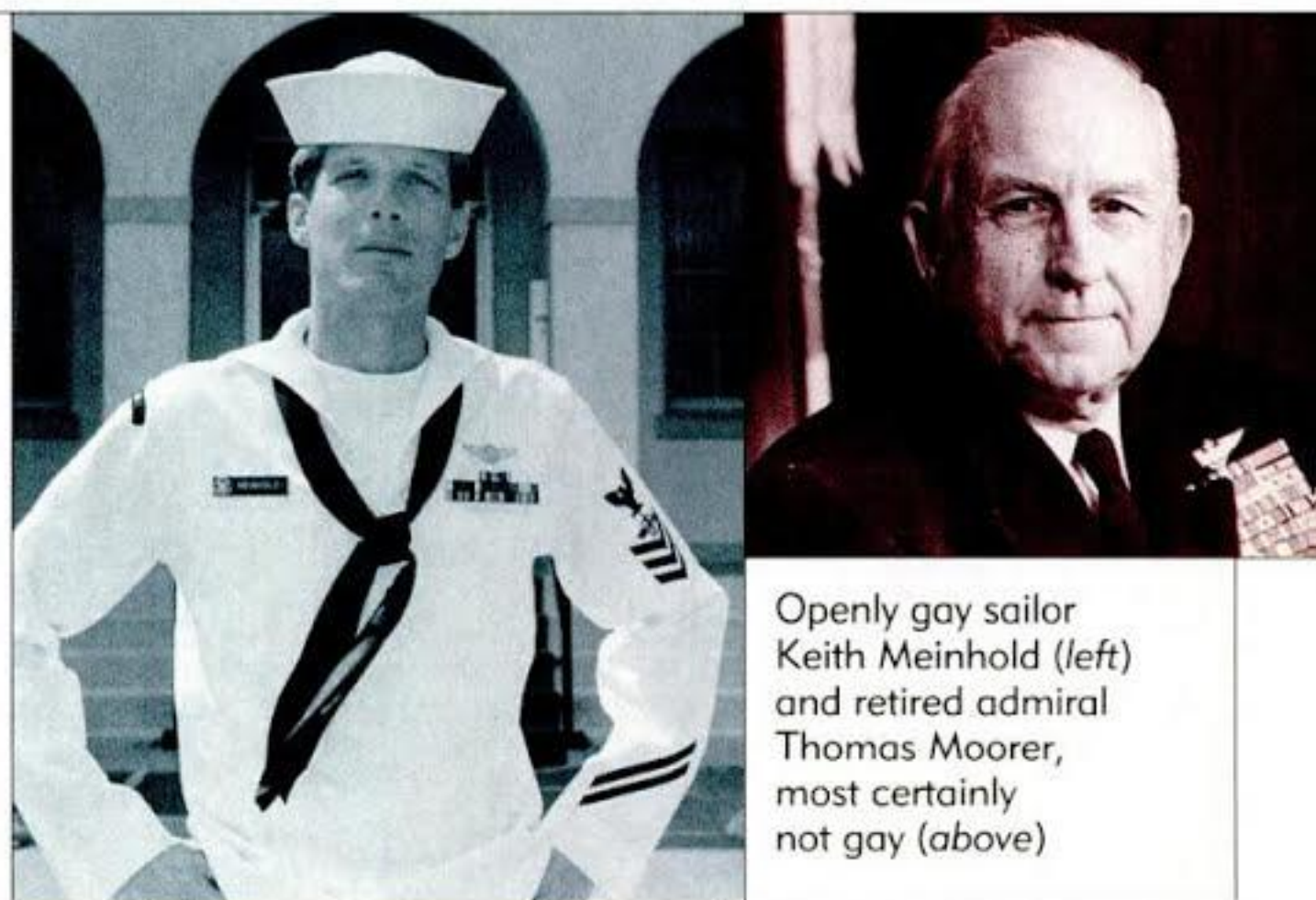
"They shave body hair a lot," Berg says. "They will shave the word NAVY into some guy's chest. Or they'll completely shave some guy head to toe. I've seen that happen at Annapolis. And that's pretty homoerotic."

"There was one guy, he had a hairy back and so they shaved him," recalls Mark Struble, a former sailor and marine who served in the Gulf War. "They totally shaved him." Struble also reminisces about how "in my unit, there were ten guys who all went out one night [in the Philippines] and got their nipples pierced, and these were heterosexual guys."

"There was another guy," Struble adds, "a straight black male, he was married—he had his scrotum pierced. And he wasn't shy about showing it to you either."

There is no lack of such entertainment aboard ship. Gross-out contests are a staple. "My favorite example," Berg says, "was some guy put a toothbrush up his ass and then brushed his teeth, and then another guy came on a piece of bread. Then the guy who won ate the piece of bread."

Then there are the songs—jaunty sailor songs to while away the lonely hours, just like in *South Pacific*, only none of them are "There Is Nothin' Like a



Openly gay sailor Keith Meinhold (left) and retired admiral Thomas Moorer, most certainly not gay (above)

Dame." Paul Hardman, a WWII Pacific Theater veteran and founder of the nation's first gay American Legion post, No. 448 in San Francisco, can still recite the ditties the boys sang going off to fight the Japanese: *Then he spread his legs/ his lily-white legs/ applied the old meat grinder/ till the white of an egg/ rolled down his leg/ and the rest rolled out behind him; and The last time I saw him/ and I haven't seen him since/ he was sucking off a sailor/ on a barbed-wire fence*. Navy songs nowadays lack such Gilbert and Sullivanian lyrics. "When we're on a long voyage," relates Bob McNeese, a petty officer based in San Diego, "one of the songs goes like, *We're not sissies, but before we go to bed we blow each other* [pause for effect] *kissies*. Then it goes on, *Men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men, men...*"

In keeping with theatrical tradition, drag shows are also a big part of life at sea. "When you put on a show and you need women," Hardman explains, "where are you gonna get them?" So the cross-dressing itself is not so curious as the number of ceremonies in which "you need women": Christmas festivals, the promotion of a sailor to chief petty officer, the "steel beach" picnics held on the deck of the ship during long voyages and, perhaps most notorious, crossing the equator. This last event is considered a sacrament in the Navy, and involves not only a shipwide drag-queen contest but also ritualistic flagellation and simulated—and sometimes genuine—sodomy. [See "Queens for a Day," page 50.]

It is precisely events like the equator crossing that Admiral Moorer regards as "an old tradition" that will be ruined by unwelcome homosexual intrusion.

"They do it for fun, to break the monotony of being out at sea," he told SPY. "I think when you start fooling with homosexuals—I've been through that myself, and participated maybe not a (continued on page 54)

QUEENS FOR A DAY

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE NAVY'S MOST PERVERSE RITUAL *by William Poundstone*

"Don't talk to me about naval tradition," Winston Churchill once said. "It's nothing but rum, buggery and the lash." Despite the post-Tailhook wave of party-pooing, the U.S. Navy has managed to hold on to tradition in at least one respect. The equator-crossing ritual is everything naval tradition should be, though rum is freely substituted with cheap domestic beer, the lash is replaced with paddles, rubber hoses and electric tridents, and buggery is expanded to include not just anal sex but also simulated fellatio, drag shows and the ritualistic sucking of oysters and cherries out of an obese superior's belly button.

The "shellback ceremony" is the secret initiation of the sea, a hazing performed when new sailors, or "polliwogs," cross the equator for the first time. Those who have been initiated on previous crossings are shellbacks. Hazing of wogs by shellbacks is a long-entrenched custom going back 400 years, occurring in the navies and merchant fleets of many nations—even, in a highly bowdlerized form, on cruise ships. Yet the ritual is not simply a maritime version of what goes on in fraternities and Shriners' halls. It's an occasion for openly homoerotic horseplay and particularly brutal hazing of sailors believed to be homosexual.

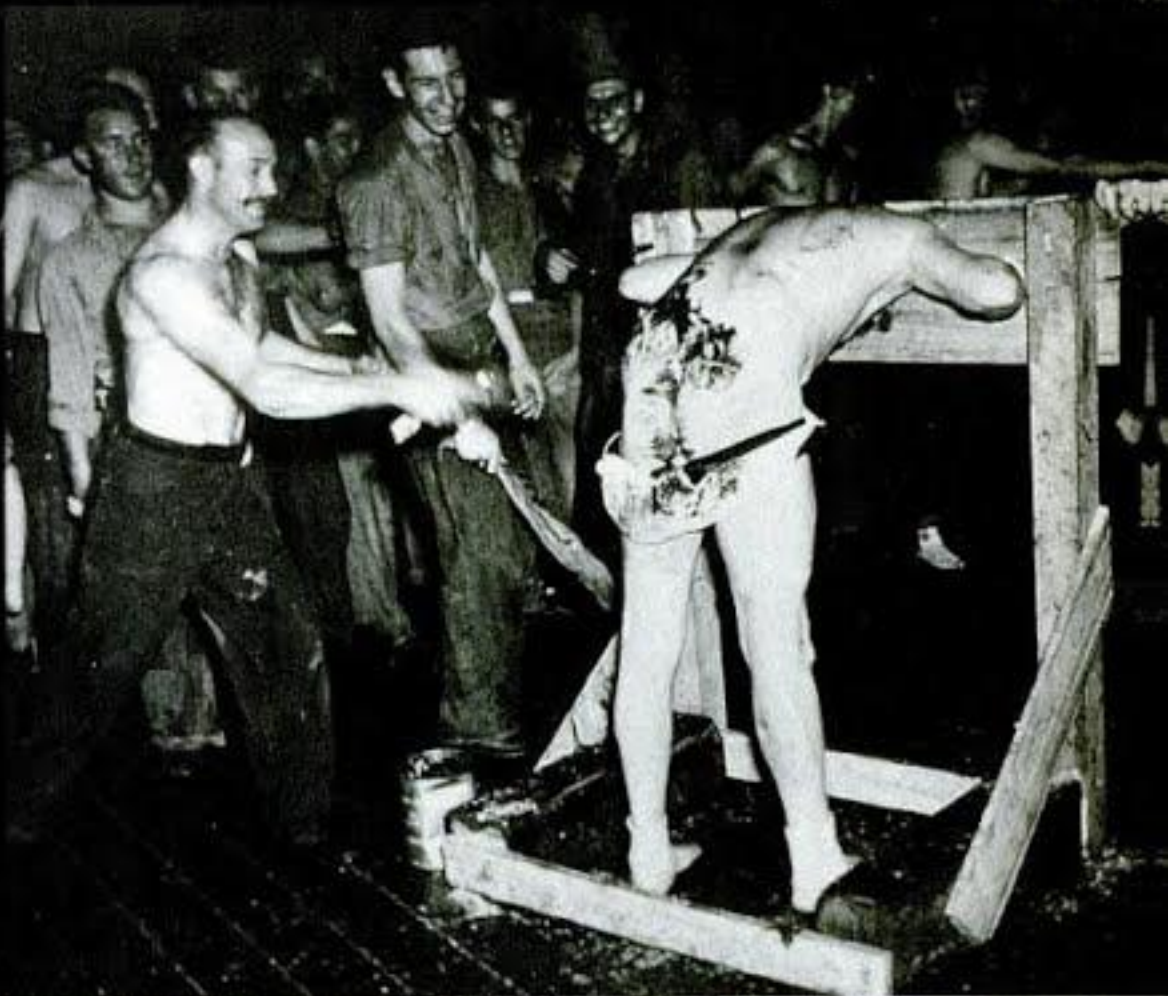
"That particular ceremony is used as an excuse to do about anything you want," one Vietnam-era sailor told SPY.

Amazingly, the ceremony has changed little over the years. Talking to sailors with service from the 1940s to the present, one hears an almost seamless narrative, with only minor variations, as if the telling of the equator tale itself were an oral tradition. (Some of the names herein have been changed.)

Guy (initiated in 1971): They led up to the events by warning the polliwogs that they have to be initiated into the mysteries of the deep....They spend days and weeks preparing for this. **Erich** (still on active duty): Usually a day or two beforehand, you have what's called a beauty contest. **Mark** (Gulf War vet): It was very much like a drag show like you would see at the bars. **Paul** (WWII): [The wogs] would dress up as mermaids....It was primarily heterosexual men that engaged in the cross-dressing....It was an exaggerated concept of a woman, more tits than anybody ever would possess. **Bob** (on active duty): The drag queen is called a wog queen. You compete to be the queen. **John** (active duty): The commanding officer, the executive officer and any of the few higher-ups will sit up there and vote for the ones they like the best. They put on music. They'll make a little aisle for them to go prancing, dancing down. All the guys sitting (*continued on page 52*)



Official photographs of actual U.S. Navy personnel committing genuine perversions



"ONE GUY SIMULATE EXECUTIVE OFFICER, AND

QUEENS *continued from page 50*

in the audience are hooting, cheering, hollering, just carrying on. **Jeff** (active duty): It's very suggestive. It's more than suggestive. They play with a dildo and stuff like that. **Bob**: One guy simulated fellatio with our executive officer. And everybody enjoyed it, nobody said a word. And he did this with a number of men, and I'm like, "Wait a minute."

Erich: The night before, around sunset, the captain will get on the public-address system and announce the arrival of Davy Jones. Davy Jones will say, "I'm here to cleanse this ship of all slimy wogs."

Erich: They make you sing songs: "Sing 'Gilligan's Island' for me," and as soon as you start singing, "I hate that song, sing a different song."

Mark: They made us wear our underwear on the outside. **Michael** (early 1980s): Everyone was falling-down drunk. **Perry** (WWII): [You went through] "the whale's asshole," a long canvas sack filled with garbage

and rotten food. There was a lot of goop. Maybe someone shit or pissed in it. **Guy**: And then of course you had to go through "the royal hot box," which means you had to crawl on your hands and knees through the legs of a whole bunch of shellbacks who give you a mighty slap on the backside with a paddle. **Erich**: The shellbacks have a one- or two-foot piece of fire hose. On our ship, at least, they made a big deal that you weren't allowed to hit people other than on the buttocks.

Erich: Then you have to go before the judge. The judge wore a black robe with a mop on his head and a big gavel. King Neptune had on, like, a toga. And then you have "the baby." **Guy**: Generally, every polliwog, in order to become a shellback, has to kiss the royal baby's belly button. **Jeff**: They find the biggest guy, the most overweight guy on the ship, and put lard all over his belly, and put a cherry in his belly button. **Erich**: They put Crisco all over his belly so it's real slimy and slippery.

Guy: As you kissed the royal baby's belly button, they splattered eggshells on the guy's belly. Then they would rub your cheeks in the eggshells. **Erich**: He'd pull his shirt up and put an oyster in his belly button and you had to *shhhllurrrp*.

Mark: At the end of the day, when you're sitting there and your whole uniform is all dirty, you all take off all your clothes and throw them overboard and you're standing there on the deck of the ship completely naked and they hose you down.

That's the basic ceremony. But among the amusing variations are that Neptune sometimes has an electrified trident to jab wogs. It's hooked into the ship's power, presumably with less than due attention to the hazards of high voltage and salt water. Also, on many ships, a salt-water-filled canvas tub is used to wash off the new shellbacks. This is apparently in keeping with ancient tradition, but turning the fire hoses on the wogs—causing them to slip, fall and claw at railings to avoid

TOP WOGS

"THAT GIANT SUCKING SOUND YOU HEAR IS
ROSS PEROT KISSING A FAT SAILOR'S BELLY BUTTON,"
AND OTHER DEGRADATIONS OF THE FAMOUS

There are certain scandalous activities that—our current president notwithstanding—can undermine a politician's moral standing in the public eye. Participating in silly hazing rituals is apparently not one of them. Lieutenant (jg) George Bush conveniently avoided his aircraft carrier's shellback ceremony after being shot out of the sky and rescued by a submarine that did not cross the equator. Other future

American leaders were not so lucky. Former Navy men John "Crash" Kennedy and Richard "Nick" Nixon both crossed the equator during their tours of duty, and one former sailor from the same era told SPY that the shellback ceremony "was very routine on big ships. I don't see how they could have gotten out of it." (Nixon could not be reached for comment.) At least one president was initiated while in office. During

a 1936 cruise to Brazil, Franklin Roosevelt got the "full treatment, to his great delight and the Secret Service's complete horror," wrote FDR's bodyguard, Michael F. Reilly, in his memoirs.

Senator Joseph McCarthy's gimp leg—putatively a war injury—was suffered not in combat but in equator-crossing high jinks. McCarthy was aboard the Navy's seaplane tender *Chandeleur* when it crossed the equator in 1943. He fell and broke his foot during a stunt that required him to descend a ladder with a bucket fastened to his leg. He later claimed the foot was full of Japanese shrapnel.

During the first phase of his presidential campaign last summer, Ross Perot remarked about having to "go through what I call the hazing process

D FELLATIO WITH OUR EVERYBODY ENJOYED IT"

being hosed overboard—is far more comical.

The public got a rare glimpse of the rite in 1989, when complaints of sexual harassment in equator-crossing ceremonies on the *Golden Bear*, a Merchant Marine training ship based near San Francisco, triggered an inquiry by the Maritime Administration. One of the complainants said that other students had defecated and urinated in her hat. When she elected not to wear the hat for inspection, she received demerits for appearing out of uniform. Also, according to the subsequent report,

❖“As part of the ceremony, the polliwogs had their faces smeared with black engine oil and a substance resembling shaving cream; they also had lard stuffed down their trousers.”

❖“‘Special cases’ were singled out for degrading, humiliating and verbally abusive attacks.” This included practically all the female wogs, plus those males held to be “quiet or reserved in nature, physically small, or


culturally different.” They were blindfolded and forced to lie down on deck while shellbacks painted nicknames on their T-shirts and headbands. Nicknames included Pinhead, Trouble Wog and, of course, Homo Wog.

❖“Several polliwogs were made to engage in acts of mock sodomy with various shellbacks. The shellback acting as ‘Master’ ordered two male polliwogs to ‘bite my royal c***.’ The polliwogs were made to bite a piece of firehose extending from the shellback’s crotch. In another instance, two shellbacks held a kneeling polliwog from behind and pretended to have sexual intercourse with him.”

“It’s not illegal,” a spokesman for the U.S. Navy told us, oddly. According to a Pacific Fleet Commander directive, “The tradition of the naval service has involved for many years some form of ceremony incident to earning special status, such as chief petty officer or shellback. Such ceremonies, when conducted in

good taste, good humor, safely and responsibly, have a proper place in the naval service.” The directive adds, however, that “only behavior that would be acceptable in an open forum attended by family and friends is acceptable.”

Presumably forcible, unprotected anal intercourse would fail on most of those counts, but that has been known to happen on occasion as well. Two male sailors initiated in the early 1980s told SPY that they were raped by senior officers during the ritual. They said that many others received the same treatment.

Asked about ritual homosexuality in the equator-crossing ceremony, a spokesman for Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, stated that the military has “zero tolerance for sexual misconduct, regardless of whether it’s part of a hazing.” A spokesman for the Clinton transition office said no one there had studied the rite. 

Adapted from *Biggest Secrets*, by William Poundstone, to be published in May by William Morrow & Co. Inc.

[as a candidate]. That’s this stuff going on now...goofy stuff.” He knew what he was talking about—Perot is nearly as much of an expert on hazing as he is on goofy stuff. Navy ensign Perot first crossed the equator on December 20, 1953, about six months into his tour of duty on board the U.S.S. *Sigourney*. According to Perot’s former shipmates, the shellback ceremony aboard the *Sigourney* was much the same as on any other ship. “There were paddles and wet belts,” Mike Conti, a seaman on the *Sigourney*, told SPY. “The guys crawled down the deck [and] you could smack ‘em on the backside....I remember Mr. Perot crawling down the deck.” Perot then crawled through a garbage chute to King Neptune’s court, where he kissed the royal baby’s greased belly.

Enlisted man Richard Madden, the polliwog chosen to wear a mop head as the Queen Wog, recalls his role in the affair: “I sat there with the king and the royal baby and passed judgment on the polliwogs....I’d say, ‘Send ‘em back through the line again!’ ” But when polliwog Perot approached, Madden was lenient. “I didn’t give him any punishment,” the former Queen says, “ ‘cause he gave me that don’t-mess-with-me look.”

Does Perot remember these antics? In an unguarded, and until now unre-



The *Sigourney*’s 1953 ritual and participant

ported, moment last summer, he joked with a TV crew about his no-gays-in-the-Cabinet policy: “All the marines called me and said, ‘All your Navy buddies gonna turn on you when you talk like that.’ So nothing ever changes.” —Daniel Radosh and William Poundstone

(continued from page 49) hundred times, but over and over...Mr. Clinton doesn't seem to give a damn about the heterosexuals."

So then you think the ritual would get out of hand if homosexuals were involved in it?

"That's right. I know it will."

But you don't think the equator-crossing ritual, the dressing up, has any homosexual content to it?

"No, it's just a joke." [Again, see page 50.]

Had we bothered to consult a psychiatrist, he or she might have agreed that all this was healthy, that these were just normal heterosexual guys joking about their latent homosexuality in order to keep it at bay. And that would have been a perfectly fine theory, if not for the fact that these healthy heterosexual guys were also having sex with each other a lot.

"I HAVE [STRAIGHT SHIPMATES] TEASING ME about my ass all the time," a gay current sailor says. "I mean constantly saying comments about my ass. Like 'Oooh, baby, baby, during a long cruise your ass could be very attractive.'" "You'd get a lot of that," a Gulf War veteran agrees, "like, 'Hey, baby, let's go get a room in town.' You know, they were joking. Or they said they were." "There's a lot of joking, a lot of grab-assing," adds one Vietnam-era sailor. "My experience as a novice was, playing grab-ass, as they call it, was endemic," says a World War II vet. "I had that experience myself," another active-duty sailor says, "that of being the grab-asee. I think everybody goes through that."

"That's a very common term," Admiral Moorer acknowledges, "but it's usually aimed at a girl. I've never seen—let me tell you, it wouldn't happen aboard ship without retribution being laid on immediately."

Actually, it happens all the time; even heterosexual sailors admit as much. What is less clear is how often the flirting leads to heavy petting. A 1957 report by the Navy used Alfred Kinsey's data to estimate that 37 percent of their sailors, 90 to 96 percent of whom were heterosexual, had masturbated, fellated and/or anally or otherwise penetrated fellow men in a manner inconsistent with existing military policy.

RANDY SHILTS, AUTHOR OF *AND THE BAND Played On*, has interviewed 1,100 current and former military personnel for *Conduct Unbecoming: Gays and Lesbians in the U.S. Military*, which is to be published in May. He says the incidence of heterosexual gay sex, otherwise known as "facultative homosexuality," is quite high at sea and elsewhere that women are not available. "The submariners are notorious," Shilts says. "The big expression in the submarine service is, 'A

NO GUYS WHO A AND NO GIR

OUR FIGHTING MEN OF YESTERYEAR

In November a presidential commission considered the specter of female combat troops and recommended that women be prohibited by law from flying warplanes or fighting in ground combat. The 15-member Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces conducted a yearlong, \$4-million study to reach its conclusions, and as part of its fact-finding it sent questionnaires to the 6,109 retired U.S. generals and admirals. More than half responded. To be sure, there were some radicals, unequivocally in favor of full combat roles for women (though retired Air

MAJ. GEN. WINANT SIDLE (Army): "Too many women are too emotional, compared to most men....In fact, I have seen them fail in purely administrative emergencies when cool heads were essential."

REAR ADM. KEMP TOLLEY (Navy): "Racehorses are not used to pull wagons, nor Percherons to take the jumps at the Kentucky Derby."

REAR ADM. MERTON DICK VAN ORDEN (Navy): "A ship's crew is a 'band of brothers.' A finely tuned combat ship is a marvel of complex interactions among officers and men."

LT. GEN. HAROLD G. MOORE (Army): "I have seen men shot in the stomach desperately trying to stuff one or two feet of their intestine back into a small bullet hole. There is no sensible reason...for women to be in the combat arms of the U.S. Army."

REAR ADM. FREDERICK C. JOHNSON (Navy): "History records that Mark Antony, a reputedly outstanding soldier of high ideals, was distracted from his mission by a classy lady on the Nile. The Bible tells us that

submarine leaves with 120 sailors and comes back with 60 couples.'" Shilts was surprised to discover how much gay activity went on in the jungles of Vietnam, particularly among straight men who were afraid of catching diseases from the local women.

Few of the gay sailors we talked to would admit to shipboard romances, though one did tell us about an affair he had with a married marine. Most said they were aware of sex occurring on ship but refrained either to stay out of trouble or because they felt sex in the workplace was inappropriate.

CT LIKE GIRLS— LS, EITHER

WEIGH IN ON CHICKS IN COMBAT

Force major general David Miller's support contained "the possible exception of the period of time when they be having their menstrual period"), but the overwhelming majority were adamantly, passionately opposed. A number of retirees scrawled "No! No! No!" in the margins. Herewith, excerpts from some of the more elaborate arguments, little of which has been reported elsewhere. —Eric Rosenberg



Actual WWI poster

even David, a very moral but human man, was distracted from his kingly duties by Bathsheba, and in literature Homer tells us that ancient Greek captains put wax in their sailors' ears to keep the sirens from distracting them."

BRIG. GEN. DONALD M. SCHMUCK (Marines): "In my opinion, pregnant women and female single parents should not be in the military service at all—after all, war is the sole objective of an armed force, not baby-sitting and child care."

MAJ. GEN. GEORGE W. PUTNAM JR. (Army): "[Women] carry with them the aura of sex. They should continue to be assigned to levels where problems peculiar to women and particularly sex can be handled without seriously impacting on combat efficiency."

CHAPLAIN DON KRABBE (Navy): "My years at sea, my theological background and my expertise in counseling leads me to the conclusion that this noble experiment will not work."

"I've had friends who've been on submarines who were gay," Petty Officer Meinhold says, "and they were always saying that all the straight guys are the ones that were fooling around with each other, it was the gay guys who knew how to control themselves."

"My big problem was staying out of their way," recalls Paul Hardman. "You'd call it gay sex. It was sex. I had [straight] guys who would beg me to go to bed with them, almost to the point of desperation."

Copy Berg agrees: "If they threw everybody out

who played with someone else's dick, they'd have to toss out almost all of them."

But one of the less-publicized aspects of the military's antigay policy is that they *don't* toss out everybody who has gay sex. They only toss out the gay ones, and they toss them out whether they've had gay sex or not. In 1981 the Department of Defense tightened its policy to include homosexual and bisexual *orientation*, as opposed to acts, as a reason for discharge, but regulations still curiously include NAVMILPERSMAN 3630400 (2) (a), or, as it is otherwise known, the Queen for a Day clause.

NAVMILPERSMAN 3630400 (2) (a)

Homosexuality due to the member engaging in, attempting to engage in, or soliciting another to engage in a homosexual act or acts. However, retention of the member may be approved by Chief of Naval Personnel when there are approved further findings that:

- (1) Such conduct was a departure from the member's usual and customary behavior;
- (2) Such conduct under all circumstances is unlikely to recur;
- (3) Such conduct was not accomplished by the use of force, coercion, or intimidation by the member during a period of naval service;
- (4) Under the particular circumstances of the case, the member's continued presence in the naval service is consistent with the interest of proper discipline, good order, and morale; and
- (5) The member does not desire or intend to engage in homosexual acts.

Each service branch has a similar clause; the Army's, AR 635-100, even includes a list of helpful excuses ("solely the result of immaturity, intoxication, coercion, or a desire to avoid military service"). President Clinton should certainly study these when he drafts the "very, very strict code of conduct" he has assured the public he will implement for gay soldiers.

Regardless of what policy Clinton eventually implements, it's unlikely to have the disastrous effects some military leaders fear, if any at all. None of the closeted military gays we interviewed had any plans to come out, perhaps thinking of Allen Schindler, a gay sailor who was beaten to death last October by his fellow sailors so enthusiastically that his family could identify him only by his tattoos. Surprisingly, this occurred despite contravening existing regulations.

There will be two immediate effects of the new policy, however. The first is that the United States will start saving the \$50 million or so a year it spends replacing gay military personnel it kicks out. That and Admiral Moorer will get to go on more television shows and say colorful things.

Such as his promise to us: "I certainly will not encourage my grandchildren to get involved with the military if it's going to be flooded with these people. And neither will any other mother." ☷

COMEDIANS WHO REFUSE TO DO COMEDY. POP SINGERS WHO REFUSE TO SING POP. MOVIE STARS WHO REFUSE TO STAR IN MOVIES. TV STARS WHO WANT TO STAR IN MOVIES. THESE ARE THE CELEBRITY REFUSENIKS, AND THEY DEMAND TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, EVEN IF—ESPECIALLY IF—IT MEANS THEIR FANS WILL HATE THEM. **BY STEVEN LEVY**

ASK ANYONE THESE DAYS WHO IS RAISING YOUNG CHILDREN—either for personal use or for commercial sale—what he or she thinks is the most miserably tiresome aspect of this task, and he or she will tell you that it is not the Snuggly burn or the dried vomit in the seat-belt buckles or the tedium inflicted on one's friends by one's endless stories of the brood's little mishaps; no, the worst thing about bringing up children in the 1990s is that it requires listening over and over and over again—for so youth demands—to the musical

I love dinner

offerings of a plump, bearded, oh-so-gentle Cat-Stevens-in-a-Hawaiian-shirt folksinger named Raffi. Raffi strums a guitar and sings nursery-rhyme classics as well as his own sweetly propagandistic ecological ditties. He sings songs about whales (the unforgettable "Baby Beluga"); he sings songs about life's simple pleasures ("All I Really Need"); and he sings songs about hygiene ("Brush Your Teeth"). A criminally winsome performer from some preschool coffeehouse hell, Raffi makes Burl Ives sound like Nine Inch Nails.

But the kids love him. Eagerly abetted by parents who search unceasingly for something short of suffocation that will keep the pups quiet, Raffi's tiny, ardent fans have made him an industry: Since 1990, he has sold 1.3 million albums, and parents in New York have scalped his concert tickets for \$300. In his own day-care universe, Raffi is a superstar, the toddler's Michael Bolton.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

JUST SAY NO:
George Michael,
Barbra Streisand
and Ted Danson
not performing



So imagine the general shock and dismay when Raffi announced recently that he would never again record or perform for children. Raffi insists he is now ready to write music dealing exclusively with saving the Earth. From now on, Raffi says, he will be an *adult* artist—an adult artist improbably named Raffi.

With this bold—and as far as his career goes, suicidal—action, Raffi has earned himself a place in the pantheon of Celebrity Refuseniks. Celebrity Refuseniks are those modern entertainment figures who, having had wild popular success as, say, a comedian or Top Forty vocalist or screenwriter, decide that their work is too facile, too commercial, *too* popular, and reject

growing, growing, gone

WOODY ALLEN

"When I put out a film that enjoys any acceptance that isn't the most mild or grudging, I immediately become suspicious of it."—1989

WARREN BEATTY

"I never thought of myself as an actor. I studied acting because I wanted to be a director."—1990

MARLON BRANDO

"Acting is just hustling."—1991

CHRISTIE BRINKLEY

"I would rather be known as anything but a model."—1992

Michael, formerly of the hot-pants-bedecked teenybopper duo Wham!, who, after selling 7 million copies of his very danceable solo album *Faith*, made a disastrously profound and commercially disappointing record called *Listen Without Prejudice Vol. I* a couple of years ago (no *Vol. II* so far) and has now said that because of artistic differences with his record company, he may never record again. And perhaps our freshest Refusenik is Walloonish karatiste Jean-Claude Van Damme, who was recently pictured on the cover of *Entertainment Weekly* with the line JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME WANTS TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. Less kickboxing, more Alvin Ailey?

The path of the Refusenik is fraught with danger. The First Law



THE REFUSENIK PANTHEON J. D. "Publishing Is a Terrible Imposition on My Privacy" Salinger; Jack Paar before he became self-unemployed for three decades; Method bombshell Marilyn Monroe emoting in *The Misfits*; Greta Garbo being alone; Bob Dylan producing, directing, starring and miming in *Renaldo and Clara*

the roles that have brought them fame and riches in favor of ones that are more artistically serious—actor, singer-songwriter, novelist. Any oafish movie star—Sean Penn comes to mind—who quits performing because he or she "wants to direct" is a Refusenik. The hero of Preston Sturges's movie *Sullivan's Travels* is a Refusenik archetype: He decides he will never again make successful comedies like *Ants in Your Pants* of 1939 and sets out to shoot a serious picture based on the book *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* (by Sinclair Beckstein). Marilyn Monroe, during her Actors Studio phase, was a Refusenik heroine. A great contemporary Refusenik is George

CHEVY CHASE

"I'm interested in pushing the envelope in the Chevy Chase world of acting."—1992

GOLDIE HAWN

"People have never wanted to see, still less to accept, the darker side of Goldie Hawn."—1988

WILLIAM SHAWN

"We have never published anything in order to sell magazines, to cause a sensation, to be controversial, to be popular or fashionable, to be 'successful.'"—1986

SYLVESTER STALLONE

"I tried the kinder, gentler Stallone and it didn't work. Action is where I belong."—1992

of Celebrity Refusenikism states, *A celebrity's post-Refusenik songs and movies and so on are nowhere near as popular or profitable as the ones that made him/her successful in the first place.* He may call them philistines, but the audience that ate up the Refusenik's comedy schtick—*So what's with Chelsea Clinton's hair?*—will desert him when he plays Edmund in *Long Day's Journey into Night* (or *Long Day's*, as he will refer to it among his new stage-actor friends). Rather than troubling him, this failure in the marketplace will please the Refusenik, confirming him in his belief that he has staked out challenging and important new terrain. Furthermore, the Refusenik

made so much money off those philistines the first time around—money he has spent on his 128-track home studio and his Caribbean retreat—that it doesn't really matter what they think. Nevertheless, the Second Law of Celebrity Refusenikism also applies: *All post-Refusenik songs and movies and plays and so on are not only terribly unpopular, they are also unbelievably bad.*

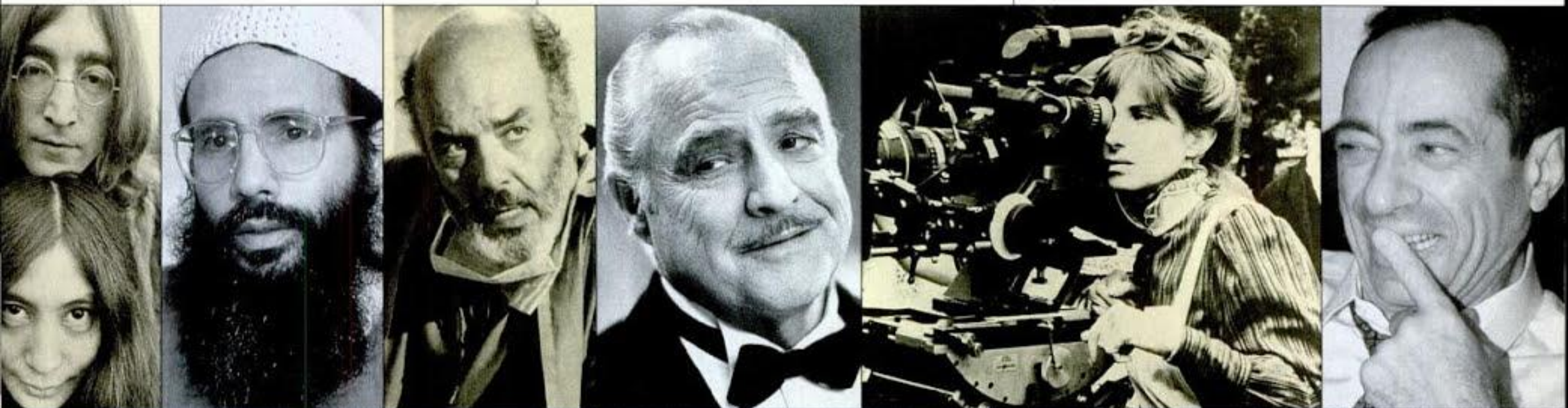
Not that this will stop them. Refuseniks generally are appalled by requests to sing their old hits or to make the sort of movies for which they are beloved. They turn on those who would force them to relive the past—the little-minded people who would *put them in a box*. In *The Godfather, Part III*, Al Pacino plays a Refusenik mobster who tries

inspiration from the age's chief Refusenik, Woody Allen, who also sacrificed comic popularity for self-important obscurity. To be fair, Louise has not been rescued from oblivion by having sex with her common-law adoptive stepchild. What kind of person is dissatisfied with his better-than-the-Marx-Brothers movies like *Bananas* and so chooses to make ponderous, self-important, unwatchable and unwatched Euro-auteur knockoffs like *Another Woman* and *September*? The kind of person who exaggerates the depth of his own soul, dives in and gives himself a terrible head injury—the Celebrity Refusenik.

The brilliance of Allen's Refusenikism, the quality that makes him the current Refusenik

have enjoyed a happy match of their modest ability with a very specific entertainment-industry niche. Invariably, they mistake simple good luck for a sign of rich, protean talent. In accordance with some sort of self-induced Peter Principle, the Refusenik promotes himself to his level of artistic incompetence—from *Carrie* to *Bonfire of the Vanities*.

The history of television is strewn with the bare husks of skilled and popular performers who spurned that pedestrian medium only to find themselves, well, bare husks. In a fit of artistic pique not seen since in a talk show host, Jack Paar walked off *The Tonight Show* in 1962, and he hasn't been heard from in a quarter-century. After *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, one of television's



Fab prophets John Lennon and Yoko Ono; Cat Stevens, now performing nonmusically under the name Yusef Islam; Pernell Roberts returning to TV as Trapper John, M.D., because it was the role of a lifetime; Marlon Brando, who calls actors whores, whoring in *The Freshman*; Barbra Streisand producing, directing, starring and annoying in *Yentl*; Mario Cuomo playing Hamlet

to give up his popular and remunerative position as top mafioso in order to become something more lofty—a philanthropist and legitimate businessman—but his fans won't let him go; like him, the Celebrity Refusenik is always crying, "I'm trying to get out, but they keep pulling me back in!"

IT IS A FRIGHTENING, REFUSENIK-filled world when Tina Louise, the woman who played Ginger on *Gilligan's Island*, figures that for the money they're offering her, she's too good to appear in *Rescue from Gilligan's Island*, a 1978 made-for-TV movie. Perhaps she took her

Champ, is that he has actually succeeded in making many people feel low and guilty for disliking his awful "serious" pictures. In this sense, *Stardust Memories* is the definitive Refusenik work, since it vividly portrays Allen's fans—those who beg him, *beg* him, to make something funny again, *please!*—as ghastly, shallow morons. Allen's true believers feel too guilty to do anything but agree with him on this point, even if it means that secretly they themselves are ghastly, shallow morons.

Of course, most Refuseniks don't even have the claim to gravitas that Woody Allen has. They tend to be extremely limited performers who

finest sitcoms, left the airwaves, Moore herself determined that she would become a serious actress: You know, *Ordinary People*, *Six Weeks*.... Well, let's see, there was *Ordinary People*, of course, and that picture with Dudley Moore as a politician. Shelley Long quit *Cheers* also to stretch artistically. Her feature films since she left include *The Money Pit*, *Troop Beverly Hills* and *Don't Tell Her It's Me*—a Steve Guttenberg vehicle in which she has a supporting role. Well, at least she is being joined in oblivion by *Cheers*'s entire cast—Ted Danson (\$450,000 an episode) and the producers (zillions an episode) have decided they *simply can't go on*.

Pernell Roberts (Adam

Cartwright) left *Bonanza* in 1965, when the show was rated No. 1; 14 years later, he came skulking back to television bald, in *Trapper John, M.D.* (To give Roberts his due, unlike the actors on *Bonanza* who played Ben, Hoss, Little Joe and Hop Sing, he is still alive.) Don Knotts's portrayal of Barney Fife—the goofy second banana—on *The Andy Griffith Show* made him beloved throughout televisionland. In 1965, Knotts left the program at the height of his popularity to seek bigger challenges. Remember *The Don Knotts Show*, a variety show that ran for one season in 1970? Remember *Hot Lead and Cold Feet* and the other films Knotts made for the decrepit, pre-Eisner Disney? Remember Knotts horrifyingly back

soap opera, not Tennessee Williams. Quitting the show did give Duffy time to pursue his real calling, Zen Buddhism, but he was back the following year. Now, let's see, Purnell Roberts left *Bonanza* in 1965; Don Knotts left *The Andy Griffith Show* in 1965; Ron Howard starred in *Andy Griffith* with Knotts and then on *Happy Days* with Henry Winkler, who tried to cancel out his Fonzyiness by becoming a terrible actor (*Heroes*) and worse TV producer; Knotts was on *Three's Company* with Somers; Somers was on *Step by Step* with Duffy. Coincidence? Or are all these people members of some bizarre TV Refusenik cult that preys on new stars—Bob Saget?—and tries to convince them that they are too

Piscopovian sort. Even the *SNL* stars who have managed to achieve something much more substantial—Eddie Murphy and Bill Murray—did so not by refusing but by simply transferring their video personae to the big screen. And in *Wayne's World*, Mike Myers and Dana Carvey crossed over not only with their *SNL* personae but with actual *SNL* characters. Interestingly, both Murphy and Murray flirted with Refusenikism. The consequences, of course, were disastrous. Instead of dutifully starring in *Beverly Hills Cop 3*, Murphy wrote and directed the turgid and ill-attended *Harlem Nights*. Currently Murphy is hoping to make *Beverly Hills Cop 3*. For his part, Murray starred in and co-wrote



BUT WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO IS... Bruce Willis as psychologically very, very complex Vietnam vet in *In Country*; Eddie Murphy in *The Golden Child* not playing Macbeth; brooding, gray-templed, men's-clothes-wearing Milton Berle in *The Oscar*; Batgyuy Michael Keaton sharing his pain in *Clean and Sober*

on TV as the lecherous, husklike downstairs landlord on *Three's Company*? The halter-top-bedecked, tin-pot Marilyn who was a star of that sitcom, Suzanne Somers, believed that she was undervalued and walked. A consummate entertainer, Somers had an execrable nightclub act for a while, wrote a maudlin, self-serving memoir about growing up in an alcoholic home and then finally reappeared on *Step by Step*, with Patrick Duffy—another Celebrity Refusenik! Duffy, who played Bobby Ewing, left *Dallas* because he didn't like the direction his character was taking. *The direction his character was taking?* This was a No. 1-rated prime-time

good for all this and should really be performing at Steppenwolf?

Whatever other functions *Saturday Night Live* serves, besides giving Lorne Michaels someplace to go, it is certainly an inexhaustible source of narrowly talented, momentarily popular Celebrity TV Refuseniks. Ever since Chevy Chase's abrupt departure at the beginning of the second season, what seems like several hundred of the show's performers have decided that their success at quirky late-night comedy sketches qualifies them for Hollywood glory. And they do achieve Hollywood glory, although of a particularly rarefied, virtually undetectable, Joe

The Razor's Edge. Murray apparently believed that the fans of someone best known for his imitations of a sub-Vegas lounge singer and a teenage geek were eager to see him in a film adaption of a 1944 Somerset Maugham novel about an Englishman on a spiritual quest in India. Currently Murray is starring in a comedy called *Groundhog Day*.

THE SIXTIES: *SGT. PEPPER'S*, THE Haight, JFK, LBJ, LSD, wild in the streets, Lieutenant Calley, stupid and portentous stream-of-consciousness lists. And also the proliferation of Celebrity Refuseniks. A period of relentless self-expression, the sixties gave

birth to the phenomenon now known as Selling Out, and hence to Selling Out's inverse, Refusenikism. When a serious, important artist prostituted his talents for money or popularity or some other debased reward—and especially if this somehow involved network television, man—he had sold out and was reviled by his fringe-bedecked peers. This arrangement left people who already *were* popular and rich and on network television in something of a quandary, however. Having already been a prostitute, how could one become a virgin? It was to perform this transformation that Refusenikism was devised. Following only a few simple steps, the popular, tainted performer could reverse the sellout

WISH THEY HAD THE COURAGE TO BE REFUSENIKS

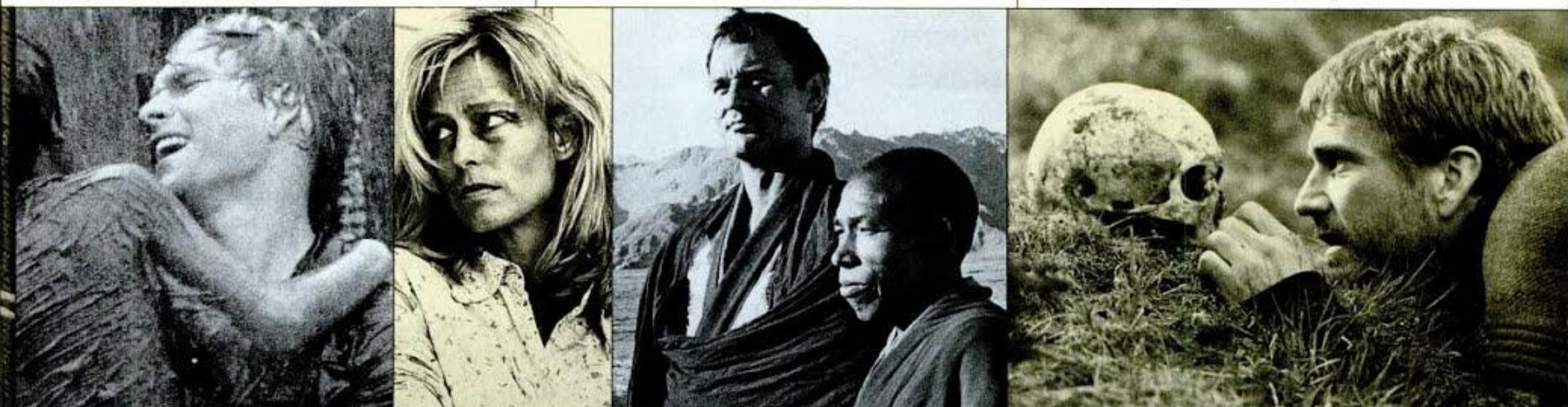
Steven Bochco	Al Pacino
Marlon Brando	Dan Rather
Billy Joel	Susan Sarandon
Stephen King	William Shatner
Jerry Lewis	Spiderman
Dennis Miller	Patrick Swayze
Leonard Nimoy	Bruce Willis

TOKEN REFUSENIKISMS

Playing character who dies at the end
 Appearing on MTV *Unplugged*
 Playing character in a wheelchair
 Cutting your hair (models only)
 Leaving William Morris for UTA
 Not hurting fish in your movie about fishing
 Playing character with beard
 Doing your own stunts
 Playing character with grimy makeup
 Writing *Aspects of Love*

involved Giving the People What They Want. If you had a song on the *Hit Parade*, you played that song night after night, probably for years, and you were happy. In the sixties, this kind of show business—the whole notion of show business itself, in fact—came to be considered bourgeois hucksterism of the worst kind. Audiences were now viewed not as paying customers entitled to a good time but as barely tolerated onlookers whose job it was to appreciate a once-satin-lapelled pop star who'd grown as an artist and was now playing 80-minute ragas.

The model of sixties musical Refusenikism, of course, was Bob Dylan. After becoming famous and beloved at age 21 as the protest-



Patrick Swayze suffering the little children to get wet with him in *City of Joy*; Farrah Fawcett going without conditioner in *The Burning Bed*; Bill Murray, Krishnabuster, arranging his face into a very contemplative expression in *The Razor's Edge*; Mel Gibson playing Hamlet

process—could buy in, as it were—by refusing the *Tonight Show* booking and writing his own lyrics. As time went on, the demands for sincerity were much less stringent—Vegas is still out, but network TV is just fine—yet a residue of obligatory earnestness in entertainment remains.

The music—what would the sixties have been without the music? Quieter, probably. Since music was the most important form of expression in that tumultuous time, it is appropriate that Refusenikism really came to flower among musicians. In the pre-Aquarian era, the standard path to success for singers and bands

MOST LIKELY TO BECOME REFUSENIKS BY END OF CENTURY

Andre Agassi	Chynna Phillips
Shannen Doherty	Brad Pitt
Robert Downey Jr.	Winona Ryder
Mike Myers	Fred Savage

REFUSENIKS WHOSE REFUSAL TO PANDER NO ONE NOTICED

Michael Nesmith	Eve Plumb
Don Osmond	Donnie Wahlberg

MILLIONAIRE LAWYER REFUSENIKISMS

Move to vineyard in Napa; write
 Move to horse farm in Virginia; write
 Move to ranch in Utah; write
 Move to manor in Provence; write
 Winterize Southampton place ☺

singer reincarnation of Woody Guthrie, he switched to rock 'n' roll, outraging folkies who believed he was selling out. Of course, Dylan quickly cast off his new role as seminal psychedelic rocker to become, in no particular order, a hermit, a country singer, a mime-auteur, a Fundamentalist Christian and a mover of very, very few units. His strategy has been the idiot twin of Madonna's—she changes identities again and again, but always with the intention, and the result, of remaining a monster act. If the definition of a Refusenik is someone who refuses to play his hits, however, then Dylan no longer qualifies. He tried playing newer,

unfamiliar numbers, but now when he tours the country, year in and year out, he *only* plays his hits. In SPY last year, he summed up the sorrow of Refusenikism poignantly: "People didn't like those tunes. They rejected all that stuff when my show would be all off the new album. People would shout, 'We want to hear the old songs.' You know...at a certain point, it doesn't really matter anymore."

The Beatles followed close on Dylan's Refusenik boot heels. In 1966, for example, they vowed that they would continue to record but would never again perform in public—the stage could not accommodate their vision the way the studio could. (See also Classical Refusenik Glenn Gould.) And closeted in that studio with Parasite Refusenik Yoko Ono, the band produced a pseudodadaist, proto-performance-art piece like "Revolution Number Nine," which did not chart. The Parasite Refusenik is someone who is constitutionally pretentious and so must find a commercially successful host to infect...and destroy.

The Beatles' chief contribution to Refusenikism was their breakup in 1970. Believing that they could best fulfill themselves artistically as individuals, they dissolved the greatest group in history. It is difficult to isolate the single most unfortunate point in those post-Beatles efforts. Was it "Beaucoups of Blues," Ringo Starr's attempt to establish a reputation as a Nashville crooner? *Liverpool Oratorio*, McCartney's pathetically inconsequential classical work performed last year at Carnegie Hall? George Harrison's 1982 album *Gone Troppo*? Or was it simply John Lennon's bread-baking, drug-taking, TV-watching, Yoko-enslaved Refusenik inanity? No, it was probably "Beaucoups of Blues."

Among lesser lights, the musical Refuseniks are legion. Rick Nelson

wrote the Refusenik anthem "Garden Party" about his fans' intolerance of his country tunes. Cat Stevens himself gave up singing saccharine folk songs to become a devout Muslim. Even before The Police broke up, guitarist Andy Summers made the irredeemably arty *I Advance Masked*, and more recently *World Gone Strange*. Who among us really prefers Pete Townshend's *All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes*, a solo album, to "The Kids Are Alright," a great Who single? Townshend further struck a blow for Refusenikism when he wrote an unbearable collection of short stories called *Horse's Neck* and went to work as an "editor" at the eminent London publishers Faber & Faber. Was that a partially deaf Pete Townshend, though, touring with The Who four years ago because he needed money? Yes. One must serve the muse and all that, but let's not be ridiculous.

Returning from Refusenikdom can, in fact, be a complete calamity—we need only look at the cases of Bjorn Borg and Bobby Fischer to be convinced of that. *The New York Times* recently ran a photo of the home of J. D. Salinger—along with Greta Garbo, a Total Refusenik—that showed a huge satellite dish next to his house. Imagine what might happen if Salinger began to publish again—*For Wolf Blitzer With Love and Squalor*? The person who now runs the greatest risk in this area is Barbra Streisand, for years one of the all-time Refusenik greats. She may be the best cabaret-style popular vocalist alive (although she can't touch Mabel Mercer), yet she has not given a concert, except for charity, in decades. Rather, she has preferred to direct motion pictures in which she badly miscasts herself. If we could enter Streisand's mind, we would no doubt see Refusenik logic at work: "All right, as a concert performer I am unparalleled, an A. As an

actress and director, I am perhaps a B-, maybe C+, and often the object of ridicule. Therefore—I *will concentrate on movies and avoid the concert stage!*" Now, however, Streisand has indicated that she might start singing in public again. Having for years played Bobby Fischer to Bette Midler's Boris Spassky, she must take care.

WILL THE REFUSENIKS ever learn? Probably not. But as the true victims of

Refuseniks—those deprived of the songs never sung, the films never filmed, the irritatingly ubiquitous comedy catchphrases never coined—we can always dream. Try, if you can, to imagine a world without Refuseniks. Come on, dream a little. Some leisurely Saturday morning, we would read in the newspaper about the latest decision taken by President Cuomo. We would turn to the funny pages and find Opus and Milo and Bill up to their old tricks in *Bloom County* (no waiting until Sunday for *Outland*, the supposedly more sophisticated and challenging once-a-week strip that Berke Breathed abandoned *Bloom County* to draw). Maybe we'd be listening to a late Rossini opera—one he wrote instead of quitting composing in his mid-thirties—or Steve Martin's new comedy CD. After lunch, we'd read a new Reporter at Large piece in *The New Yorker* by Joseph Mitchell. All the while we'd be sitting in a house designed by Leon Krier, the most influential architect of the under-50 generation, who would have changed his mind and would not have drawn pictures for 25 years but refused on principle to actually build anything. Maybe in the afternoon we'd head out to the 'plex to see Terrence Malick's beautiful new film. It would star Sean Penn.

On second thought, things aren't so bad after all. ☺

SPY!

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make-believe mounts
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Scrubs prison in London

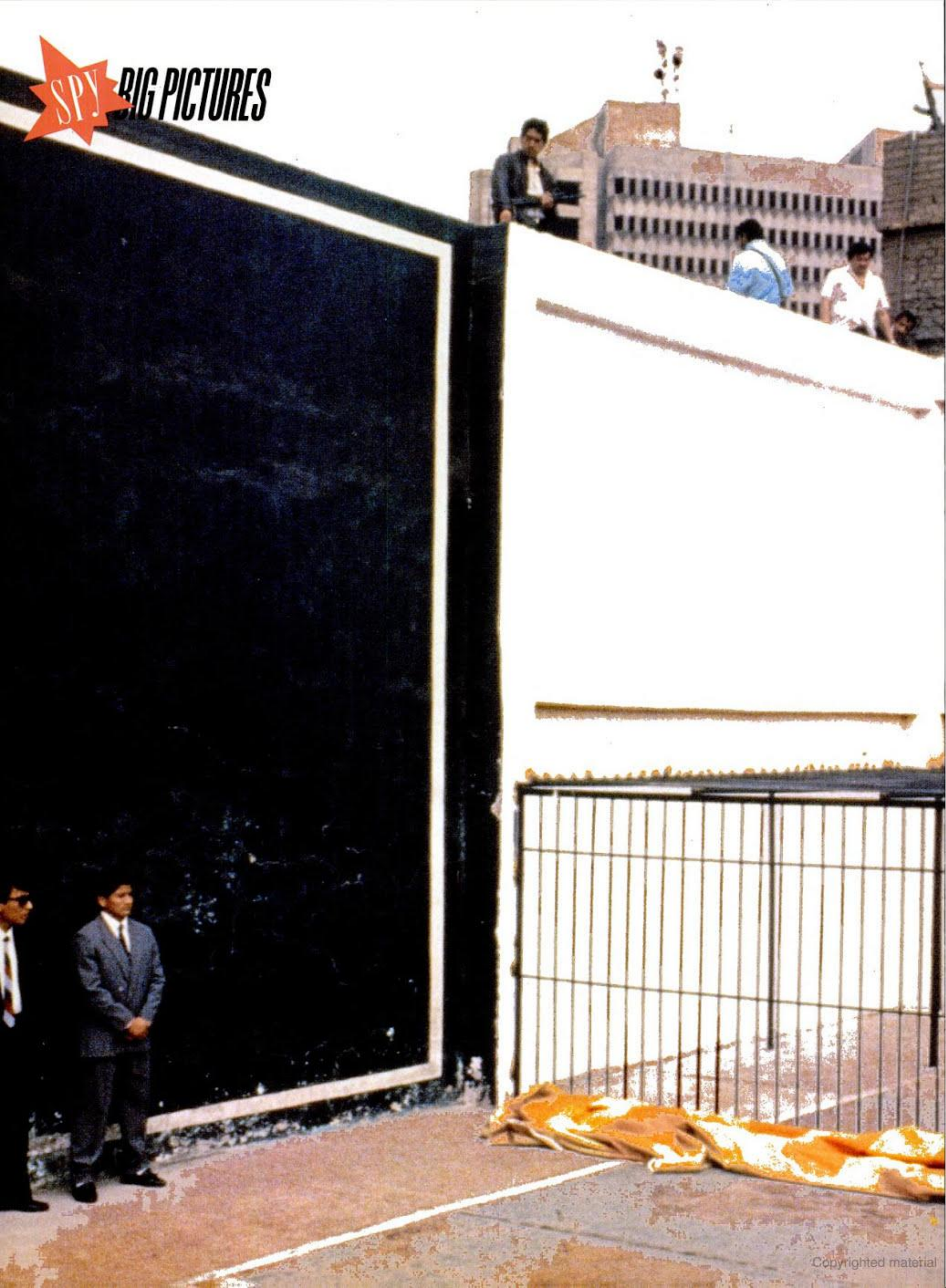
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Burning effigies in
offering to the
Virgen de los
Desamparados in
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Shining Path guerrilla leader
Abimael Guzmán Reynoso
in zoolike prison in Peru

Bullyboys

**Jim Harrison Looks for America;
Taki Looks for Respect; Christopher
Hitchens Looks for Boo-boos**

by T. W. Irwin

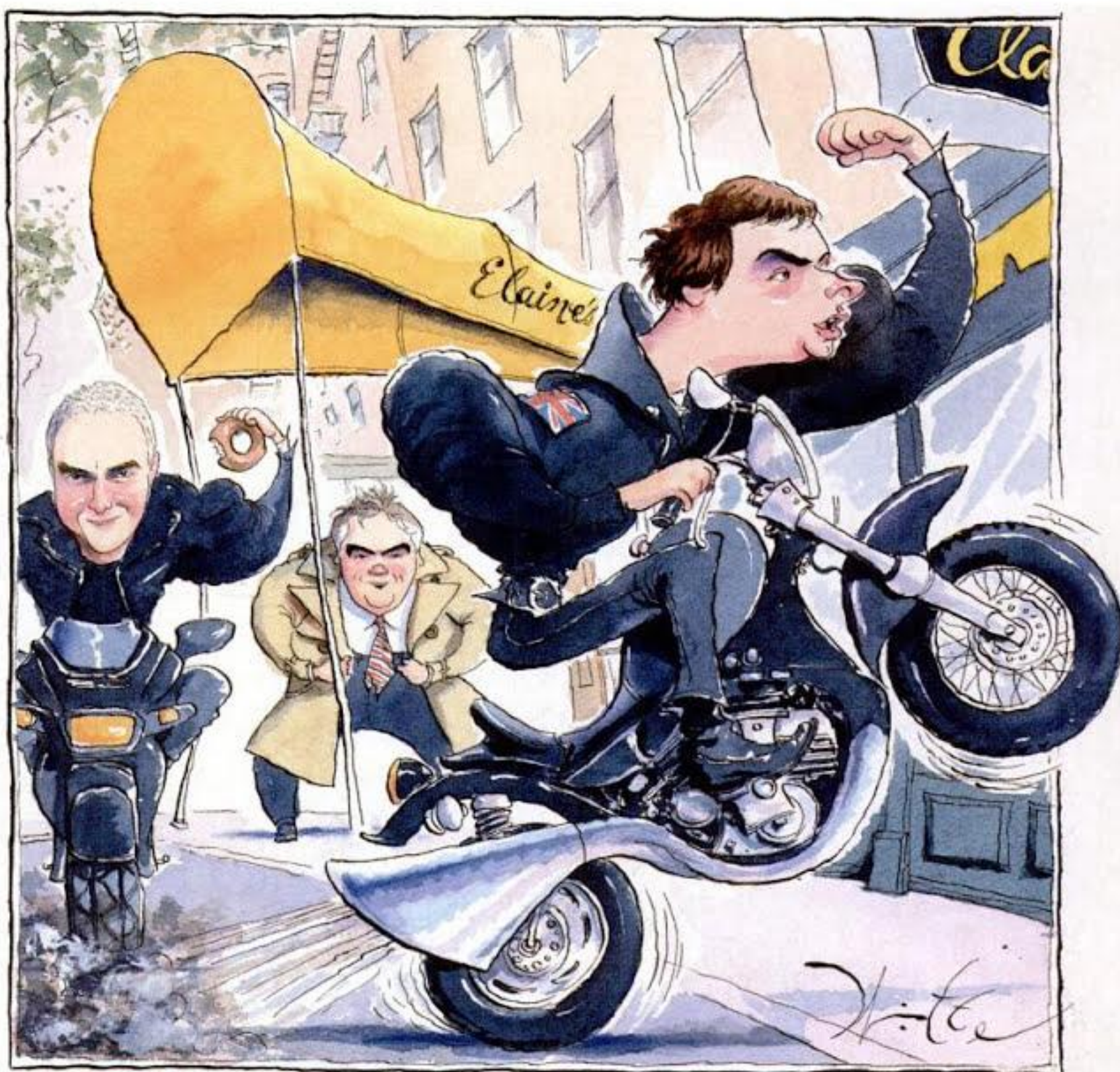
What do men want? What *more* do men want? One would like to think that being that dubious thing, a belletrist, might suffice to alleviate some of the torments of being a man, but the texts indicate otherwise. Tough-guy, extra-manly journalism is everywhere.

Jim Harrison, the novelist and founding member of the Rattlesnake in the Vagina school of literature, is, in some quarters, taken quite seriously. Harrison is sophisticated, and pretentious, enough to both refine and disguise his mad boy-boasting. I suspect that the fulsomeness of the writing and the floridity are meant to show the more sensitive girl-side of his nature, but they're an embarrassment to real girls—and presumably to real men as well. In his *Esquire* column, entitled, I'm afraid, *The Raw and the Cooked*, he even manages to coyly non-name-drop secondary sources. Allow me to annotate one torturous sentence: "The doctors told me that I'd never write again, but here I still am, well barded [Shakespeare] and bigger than the biggest goat [D. H. Lawrence], all aflow and afloat with the wine-darkened mud puddle [Homer], the beer-belly yawp [Whitman] that is our public life." Even with scholarly exegesis, though, this sentence is incomprehensible. Harrison goes on as boy-American to describe a trip by car that he has made across the Midwest: "I was consuming a splendid rib-eye steak and a bottle of Valpolicella. It was simple fare but damned good, perfection indeed after a seven-hundred-mile day....I watched a Grain Belt monster—a motorcyclist to

boot—polish off his order of two fourteen-ounce Iowa pork chops in a trice, finish his meal with a quintuple whiskey, then do an expert wheelie out of the parking lot into the night."

If we forgive Harrison the few pussy words that somehow slipped past him (*trice*, *quintuple*), he has with great skill jammed these few sentences with enough guy phrases to keep Joey Buttafuoco happy: *rib-eye steak*, *bottle*, *damned good*, *seven-hundred-mile day*, *motorcyclist*, *boot*, *pork chops*, *whiskey*, *wheelie*, *parking lot*. What a man. Amazingly, Harrison is not 19 or 23, but a full 55 years old.

Sidney Zion, who is responsible for the boy-apologist notion that Judge Sol Wachtler tormented Joy Silverman because he *really, really loved her*, recently wrote in *The New York Observer* about the racial tensions in Crown Heights: "I am perhaps the last Jewish drunk since Toots Shor, which means that I hang out at bars with Gentiles. And they



were plenty mad [about the murder of a Hasid by blacks]....If Yankel Rosenbaum had been killed outside of Le Cirque, forget about it, baby." One imagines Mr. Zion squeezing up to the bar at Elaine's, elbowing aside some transit cop in a hat and raincoat to get next to Jimmy Breslin, who's buying a drink for his sideburns.

Elsewhere in the *Observer*, boy-royalist Taki manages to concoct such preposterous maxims that one almost bemoans the collapse of Communism. Nearly every word he writes is self-aggrandizing. He boasts of his intelligence, his virility, his nobility (or, as he would say, his *soi-disant* intelligence, virility and nobility): "This is a very grand time to be in New York"—funny how in the *Observer* he doesn't call New York the Big Bagel, as he does in his London *Spectator* columns—"what with the mighty charity galas against racism, sexism, homophobia, ecological destruction and, of course, homelessness." On top of everything else, Taki fancies himself an ironist. "I refuse most invitations to charity balls, because I truly believe that the Good Samaritan was right in extending help to a stranger—but not to any middleman with buffet tables who claimed to speak for him." Are hip people really still using *truly* before their verbs? "By helping poor girls become Girl Scouts," he continues, "one does more to combat drugs and pregnancies and AIDS than all the condoms that that clown [New York Schools Chancellor Joseph] Fernandez wants to hand out." Taki, like all reactionaries, is a sentimentalist.

At first reading, E. L. Pattullo, who until 1987 was the director of the psychological labs at Harvard, does not seem an obvious guy's-guy offender. In an essay in *Commentary* entitled "Straight Talk About Gays," Pattullo starts out sounding rational enough. But eventually, for all of his facts and figures, Pattullo succumbs to the tough-guy fear of seduction: "It is not unreasonable to

suppose that the values of friends...will influence the direction of future sexual preference. Such young waverers, who until now have been raised in an environment overwhelmingly biased toward heterosexuality, might succumb to the temptations of homosexuality in a social climate that was entirely evenhanded in its treatment of the two orientations....Explicit evidence of society's bias against homosexuality is an important element in the process by which many children become straight adults." Discrimination is preferable to the imagined possibility of homosexual seduction of young "waverers"? I hope that Pattullo, for their sakes, does not have children. (What do *Commentary* kids get to do, anyway—play with Edward Luttwak action figures?)

Christopher Hitchens, a sometimes amusing Englishman (he'd probably refer to himself as a Brit, tough-guy-style) who writes for *Vanity Fair*, has the customary facile disdain for American culture. He also, like a lot of other Englishmen, fancies himself the only person in the New World who writes proper English. In a recent column he raps the knuckles of an English professor for misusing a few verbs in a letter she wrote to a prize committee in behalf of Toni Morrison. And he chides Henry Kissinger for a sentence in his introduction to a picture book about the Italian fashion designer Valentino, but does not seem to find it curious that the Butcher of Cambodia would be writing an essay of this kind in the first place. But then, such an observation would have seemed disrespectful toward Valentino, who advertises in *Vanity Fair*.


It is delightful to find a few awk-

ward usages by Hitchens himself (is *page*, as in "to page through a book," really what one would call a *good* verb—I page, you page, he pages?). Hitchens describes a PR crisis at the Oscars ceremony, "where the nation is stunned to read of screen actors suffering from an excess, rather than a remediable deficiency, of self-esteem." A lovely image—more than 240 million Americans at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, reading.

It was thrilling to come upon an article in *GQ* about masculine odor, and to discover that it was written by a member of the Rattlesnake in the Vagina school who happens to be a woman. Judith Newman writes, "There's something in a man's nose, or brain, or somewhere in be-

tween, that doesn't exist in any woman I know. Try to remember the last time you saw a bunch of teenage girls trying to light a fart, then flash back to your own adolescence, and I think you'll see what I mean." I almost did not get to the end of this sentence, stopping happily as I did to consider that mysterious olfactory "something" in men's heads. Surely Newman has given us an unusually poetic example of female sexism. Teenage girls don't try to light farts?

Newman, in writing about women "collecting" the smells of their lovers, tells us that "one woman made her boyfriend ejaculate into a pair of her undies and slept with *them*. 'How different is it from looking at pictures of him while he's away?'" asked the woman in question.

Well, a little different. And in my experience, although I may be wrong, dried semen, even tough-guy semen, does not have much of an odor. 

UNFORTUNATE METAPHOR OF THE MONTH

"Faced with a meddling network exec or a pushy reporter, [Garry] Shandling deploys a slight wince in his eyes as his crinkly smile loses its toehold on sincerity."

—James Wolcott, *The New Yorker*

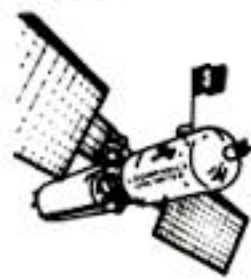
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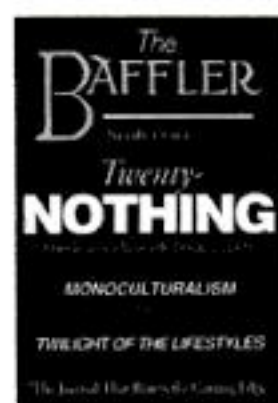


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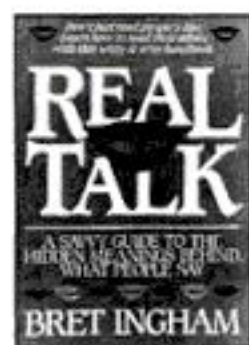
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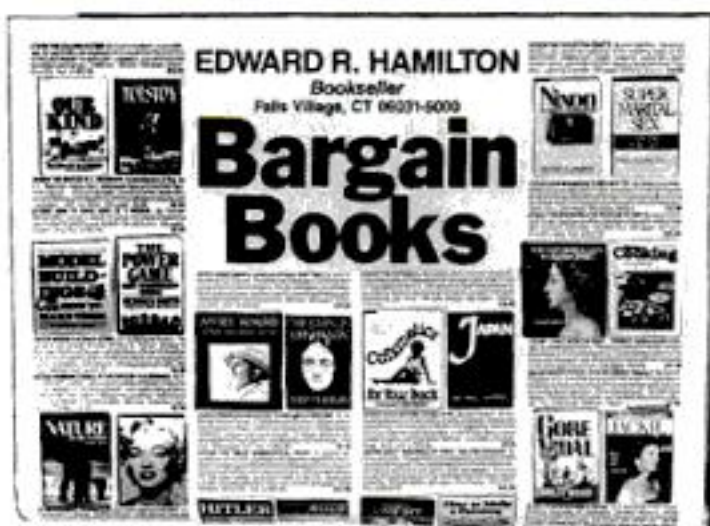
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PARTY POOP



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WANNA GO CHECK OUT MY MINIVAN? Lee Iacocca, well-fed xenophobe, with a friend



STAR STATUS, ILLUSTRATED PETTILY David Hartman, *left*, in suit, lugs garment bag. Richard Gere, *right*, in leather, makes Armani guy fetch.



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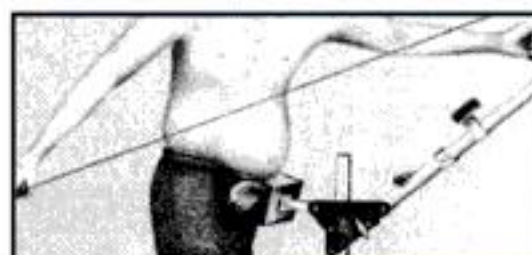
RABBIT SINGS ROCKABILLY Willie Nelson, left, and Carl Perkins—looking like two car dealers from an Updike novel—tee it up.

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Sad? AW-Rootie...

**Slick Willie Could Wail,
but Not Like Mr. Penniman
by Roy Blount Jr.**

Womp-bomp-a-loo-momp.... That is my lead for this month. Bear it in mind, as you resist the temptation to conclude that I am trying to pull some kind of good-old-boy networking deal here. Incidentally, I was struck by a recent letter to the editor of *The New York Times Magazine* regarding an article about retired English professor Carolyn Heilbrun's struggles with sexism at Columbia University: "The current departmental chairman's 'plaintive' remark—'I found her a very maternal figure'—reflects the inability of the men...to see Heilbrun as a colleague. [The] article is a cautionary tale for any woman who rejects stereotyping by...the good old boys.'"

I believe Heilbrun was stereotyped, and badly. But I wonder whether the letter writer's stereotyping is itself entirely precise. I suspect, without knowing any of them personally, that calling the Columbia English Department good old boys is like calling the current princes of England rakes: I doubt they have it in them.

But never mind that. What I ask you to accept right now is that I am *not* trying to get in good with the world's most powerful old boy, the president, when I quote some of what Ted Casher has reported (on the Usenet computer network) regarding a musical episode that occurred in 1979. In that year, Casher (the Rhode Island Philharmonic's on-call saxophonist) was playing in a dance band at a Wellesley College reunion. One of the husbands got to talking with him so knowledgeably about reeds that he invited the husband to sit in, with this result:

Clinton's improvisation had us all listening closely. He had a good sound...nice melodic ideas...interesting phrases. His tenor playing was out of the Zoot Sims-Stan Getz school: melodic, yet swinging. He knew the standard backgrounds and played them along with us, showing his conversance with jazz literature....Clinton...had paid his big-band dues....

Next...a blues tune; then we went into "Perdido."...Bill Clinton acquitted himself nobly.

Okay. Nice. *But now* I will provide perspective.

It's a sullen gray morning, I have the flu, and I'm reading in the *Times* a story headlined A RISING COST OF MODERNITY: DEPRESSION. Major depression is rising worldwide, "in nations as diverse as Taiwan, Lebanon and New Zealand." Why? Loss of religious belief, unattainable ideals of womanhood, toxic substances in the atmosphere. I come to the jump:

"The search for an explanation is rendered more...*Continued on Page C13.*"

Should I go on, I'm wondering, can I go on, *where* can I go on? (New Zealand?) Then at the bottom of the page I see "ROCK Little Richard, on his past and his present. Page C15." I go on. Not to C13, but to C15. And there I find

"The jazz and blues was really like school, and I was in class constantly," Mr. Penniman said in a recent telephone interview...."But the carnival was an advance class in entertainment, and my personality was awakened. I used to sing Louis Jordan's 'Caledonia,' and I would dance with a table in my mouth with a saxophonist on it."


Mr. Penniman being *awop-bop-a-Little Richard* in *Timesese*. You talk about chops. In his day, the 32-year-old Future Leader of the Free World was evidently a tolerable white saxophonist. But *Little Richard* could have danced with a table in his mouth with the president on it.

"I know," said Peter Watrous, the *Times* story's reporter, when I called to make sure no typos were involved.

"He might as well have said, 'I had an apartment building in my mouth.' Every copy editor asked me about it. I said, 'I'm just reporting here.'"

And I'm cheering. This was in a *New York Newsday* review of a recent Little Richard performance:

"God has been good to us, to let us be alive," he said, referring to his 60th birthday...."The God of Abraham is a true God. Now we gonna do 'Rip It Up.'"

But if you think I'm trying to network here with God, Abraham and Little Richard....What if we agreed to meet only at Wellesley? 

**The 32-year-old
Future Leader
of the
Free World
was a tolerable
white
saxophonist**

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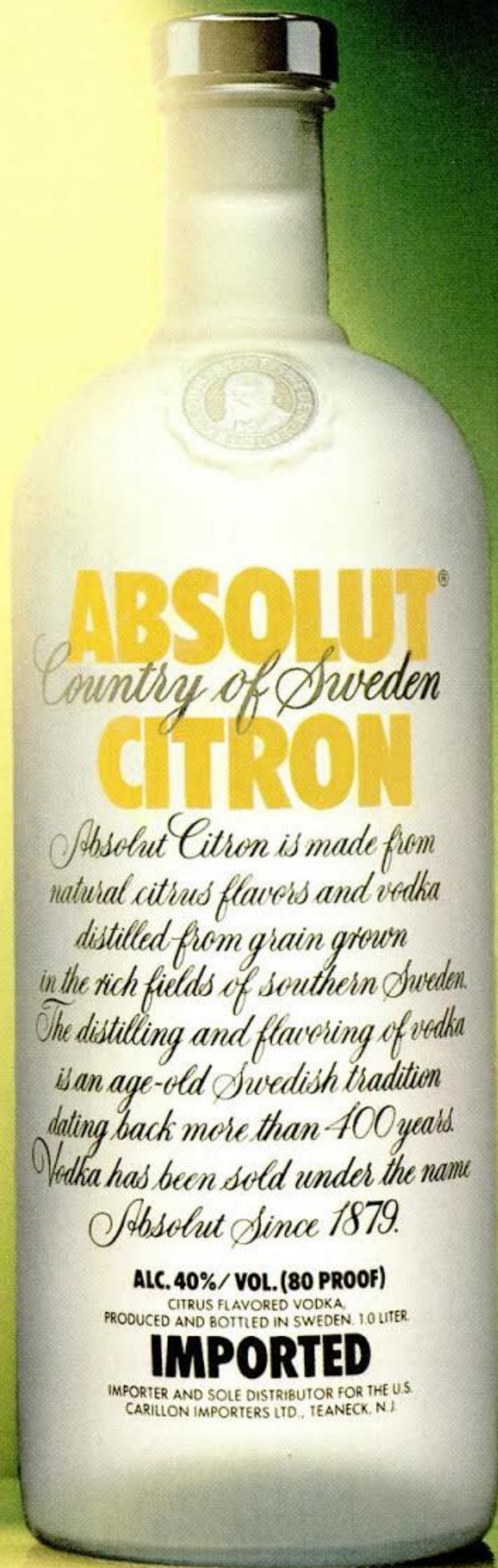
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